

Gay in Poland: Lovers' Solidarity

N E W Y O R K

DEC 11 1981

NATIVE

April 6-19

Issue Number Nine

A Biweekly CHRISTOPHER STREET Publication

\$1 (Outside New York \$1.25)

**I Was an
Aesthetic
Realist
for a Day**

Crisis at the Gay Task Force

Demands for Resignation Increase by Larry Bush

A major storm has blown up over the National Gay Task Force's direction since the Reagan victory, and at this point it appears that it may change the landscape of national gay politics. In the short run, the issue is whether co-directors Charles Brydon and Lucien Valeska should retract a letter sent urging that a

pro-gay bill be withdrawn from Congress, or whether they should resign. In the long run, the question seems to be what kind of strategy gays will choose in an increasingly hostile climate, who exactly will choose it, and how they will be held accountable for its handling.

(Continued on Page 9)

Dance: The Post-Modern Faggots

**Dorothy
Allison
on the Age
of Invalids**

**Venereal
Warts: Yet
Another
Nasty Virus**

**Ethyl
Eichelberger's
Midnight
Hours**

**Native Guide:
Listing of Gay
and Lesbian
Events**

COME OUT FOR THE CHORUS.



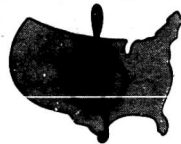
Dick Kramer, conductor

Talented performers, colorful showmen with a powerful message of pride. Come out for the Chorus and celebrate the strength and vitality of our own gay culture.

Advance ticket reservations will guarantee you a place in gay American history — and an evening of rousing good fun. Don't miss what thousands have called "the proudest night of our lives!"

Ticket orders and receipt of check or money order will be acknowledged by mail. Tickets for each performance will be mailed mid May. Ticket orders must be received no later than May 5th. For more information and/or special fund-raising or social events you or your organization wish to plan in conjunction with the appearance of the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus please write to the address provided or call (415) 864 0326.

San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus Tours America '81



The Tour:
San Francisco
Dallas
Seattle
Minneapolis
Lincoln, NB
Detroit
New York
Boston
Washington, DC

NEW YORK
SATURDAY, JUNE 13th, 1981
BEACON THEATER

Orchestra	\$15 00
Loge	\$ 8 00
Lower Balcony	\$ 6 00
Upper Balcony	\$ 5 00

Make check or money order payable to
GGPA/SFGMC TOURS AMERICA '81

Send to:
SFGMC TOURS AMERICA '81
c/o Golden Gate Performing Arts
Box 14665
San Francisco, Ca 94114

Handling and service charge per order \$1.50

Design: The Duck House Group

BACHELOR

THE NEW CATALOG FOR THE

SMART
SOPHISTICATED
AND STYLISH

Be first with the latest fashions, the clothes and special accessories of the season. Be first with the newest catalog. Only at BACHELOR. To be first, call or write right now. The only place to go for the latest in men's fashion.

PLEASE SEND FREE CATALOG AND GIFT CERTIFICATE TO:

Name _____

Address _____ Apt _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

IF YOU HAVE ANY "SPECIAL" FRIENDS THAT YOU WANT TO INCLUDE IN THIS OFFER, PLEASE ENCLOSE COMPLETE NAME & ADDRESS. LIMIT TO TWO.

NAME _____ NAME _____

ADDRESS & APT _____ ADDRESS & APT _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____ CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

BACHELOR UNLIMITED, INC., P.O. BOX 306, OLD CHELSEA STA., NYC 10113

In the vast parade of motion pictures,
there are a few that marched
to a different drummer.

Some were one-of-a-kind originals.

Like "Citizen Kane."

Some told their story
on a wide emotional canvas.

Like "The Godfather."

Some were provocatively bold,
thumbing their noses at convention.

Like "Freaky."

Some were lost. Like "Napoleon."

They all had one quality in common.
They were different, more special than
the other movies around them.

Beginning on April 1st at 8:00 P.M.
The Sutton Theatre

Paramount Pictures Presents
Edward D. Wood, Jr. vs.
Glenn or Glenda

NATIVE

Publisher & Editor-in-Chief

Charles L. Ortlieb

Associate Publisher

Thomas E. Steele

Editor

Brett Averill

Managing Editor

Harold Jay Klein

Art Director

Bruce Eves

Associate Editors

Michael Denny, Tommy McCarthy

Assistant Editors

Alan Drucker, John Hammond

Contributing Editors

Dorothy Allison, Arthur Bell,
Stuart Berger, John Berryhill,
Larry Bush, Robert Chesley,
Bob Downing, David Feinberg,
Richard Friedel, David Garrity,
Paul R. Grossman, Michael Grumley,
Wallace Hamilton, Terry Helbing,
Andrew Holleran, Brandon Judell,
Seymour Kleinberg, Barry Laine,
Sean Lawrence, Lawrence Mast,
Adam O'Connor, Felice Picano,
John Preston, Jeff Richardson,
Harold Ross, David Rothenberg,
Vito Russo, George Stambolian,
D.J. Waxman, Edmund White,
George Whitmore

Contributing Artists

Burton Clarke, Clain DiPalma,
Morgan Guenwald, Jack Keely,
Adam Kurtzman, Marc Lida,
Howard Montiel, Michael Thomas,
Jane Wechsler

Circulation Director

Rickey Dutille

Design Consultant

Kenneth Gould

Comptroller

Jo Ann Arnone

Advertising Directors

Tom Duane, Leonard Shaver

Treasurer

Paul Baron

Advertising Representative

Joe Di Sabato

NATIVE Logo

Kenneth L. Gould

ON THE COVER

Mercy Drop photo by: Jonathan Silver

Copyright © 1981 by That New Magazine, Inc. The New York Native is published bi-weekly by That New Magazine, Inc., Suite 417, 250 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10107. Business: (212) 929-7333. Advertising & Editorial: (212) 929-7334. Single-issue price: \$1.00 (outside New York, \$1.25). Subscriptions: \$12.50 for ten issues, mailed first-class. Unsolicited manuscripts which are not accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope will not be returned.

FEATURES

I Was an Aesthetic Realist—For a Day 10
They march through the Village wearing stern faces and black-on-white lapel buttons proclaiming their peculiar neurosis: Victim of the Press. But who are the real victims: these robots, or the gay people they persuade to "change from H"? By Paul Grossman.

Gay in Poland: Lovers' Solidarity [Part 1] 16
The Polish people are flanked on one side by the police, and on the other by the Soviets, flexing their muscles. Somewhere in the middle is George, a Polish man who wants to join his lover in the States. The lover, Stefanowski, tells their story in the first of two parts.

Native Guide 17
Four pages of gay and lesbian events, including theater, cabarets, galleries, taverns, erotica, organizational listings, and special events.

NEWS

D.C. DESK
Crisis at the Task Force:
Demands for Resignation Increase 1
The controversy over the leadership of the National Gay Task Force and questions regarding its direction continue to rile gay leaders across the country. The controversy shows signs of changing the entire structure of gay politics, but for now, everyone's just furious. By Larry Bush.

Briefs 8
The gay rights bill goes before City Council—again. Gay and Lesbian Independent Democrats protest the cops' plans for East Side hustlers. Police charge a man with drugging gay men and robbing their apartments. The International Gay Association will pursue U.N. status.

COLUMNS

LETTERS 5
An immoral tactic for the Moral Majority, Inc. No wavering and no accommodation. Still at home in St. Luke's in the Fields.

URBAN AFFAIRS 7
The Queen returns to England. Lesbian survival in the '80s. Men dancing onstage—together for a change. Helping young gays find teen heaven.

THE ROSS REPORT
Venerable Warts: Yet Another Nasty Virus 12
The good news is that they won't threaten your life. But they certainly are ugly, and they can spread from surface to surface with appalling speed. By Harold Ross, M.D.

THE RUSSO/BELL CONNECTION 14
Vito learns self-defense, but Arthur is the one who needs it. A prescription for a busy love life, lessons on picking up Robert Redford.

DEEP DISH
In Which Marcella Takes Off Her Coat 22

And oh! what she reveals! Binky and Dido look on in amazement. By George Whitmore.

BOOKS

A Screenplay Trapped in a Novel's Body 24
Which who work in more than one form can run into difficulty if they mismatch form with idea. For instance, why doesn't Paul Monette stick with poetry? By Felice Picano.

GALLERIES

Art that Shouldn't Shout—But Does 25
Starr Ockenga's photos are stark and honest. Her brother John's frames are extraordinarily beautiful. Joined together, the two efforts just argue with each other. By Adam O'Connor.

THEATER

Making Sense of MERCY DROP 26
The show is clever and convoluted. Bitter and ironic. Filled with love and peppered with cynicism. But it's not nonsense. By Robert Chesley.

Burning the Midnight Ethyl 27
The grande dame of transvestite theater presides over a Chelsea loft. By Terry Helbing.

DANCE

The Post-Modern Faggots 28
The men-boys in *Live Boys* use their art to enter each other's lives. By Barry Laine.

MUSIC

Back with the Arms Again 15
Living in shame with Michael Musto and The Must. Diana, I miss you—oooh. By D.J. Waxman.

Julia Dares and The Don't:
Roughing Out the Smooth Edges 29
They strick, they cavort, they seduce the audience. But do they rehearse? By John Berryhill.

Birth of the Bloos 29
Six lunatics return to the Orpheum. By John Berryhill.

Singing Along with the Boys on Broadway 29
The Gay Men's Chorus brings more than show tunes to an evening at Bond's. Thanks for the memories. By David Garrity.

FILM

Drugs and Dopes in ATLANTIC CITY 30
Louis Malle looks at American dreams from an alleged cultural distance. By Vito Russo.

A WOMAN'S WRITE

The Age of Invalids 30
Dorothy Allison writes to divert herself from fever.

COMICS

Rollerena by Michael Thomas. A sketch by Adam Kurtzman.

UPTOWN

Sampling the bill along upper Broadway. By Michael Grumley.

CLASSIFIEDS 34



SERVING CHELSEA
AND
THE WEST VILLAGE

Copy Center and Art Gallery

380 Bleecker St., New York City, 10014 255-6652

Between Perry and Charles Streets

GAY?BI? Meet Through GSF

Tired of the Bars, Baths,
& Cruising?
Meet men or women safely,
discreetly & easily thru N.Y.'s
largest private club for you.
Relationships, friends,
lovers meet 1:1 and thru
Penthouse, Disco, Sports,
Dinner, Theater, Parties, etc. Since 1968

Call GSF 212-683-6035 Now!
or write GSF 381 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

Christopher Street

N O W O N S A L E !

The March-April Issue of CHRISTOPHER STREET

featuring

RENAUD CAMUS

Excerpts from his newly translated novel, *TRICKS*, the book that has shocked and fascinated French intellectual and gay circles.

With an introduction by ROLAND BARTHES.

THOMAS SZASZ

interviewed by LAWRENCE MASS

JANE RULE

A very different short story

NED ROREM

"Being Ready"

STUART BERGER

A profile of the renegade psychiatrist

DENNIS ALTMAN

THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE Revisited

MARILYN HACKER

on new lesbian fiction

LAWRENCE MASS

on three important new psychiatric texts

Poetry, Cartoons, and more!

For Master Charge and Visa Orders Only:

Call TOLL FREE (800) 621-5809. Illinois Residents call (800) 972-5858.

CHRISTOPHER STREET MAGAZINE

250 West 57th Street, Suite 417, New York, N.Y. 10107

☐ Check/Money Order (enclosed) ☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa

- ☐ 1 Year \$20.00 (foreign \$30.00)
- ☐ 2 Years \$38.00 (foreign \$58.00)
- ☐ 3 Years \$50.00 (foreign \$80.00)

New Subscription Renewal Gift / Please send gift card from:

Name _____ Do not write in this box
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____
Account Number _____ MC Interbank Number _____
Exp. Date _____ Signature _____

CS is mailed in an envelope. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

INCOME TAX SERVICE

Be Outrageous; Save Money
by Spending Some

Frank Stefano, Jr.
82 Montague Street
Brooklyn Heights, NY

Mon.-Sat. 11 A.M.-7 P.M.
Appointments: (212) 522-2369

Call: it's the way it ends that counts!

Have a ball racquetball

NYC's newest club
Racquetball 10th Avenue
40 courts, glass back walls
& exercise programs
250 W 31st St., New York, N.Y. 10018
(212) 944-0144

INCOME TAX PREPARATION

for individuals and businesses
at your location
or at our NYC offices.

Quick, year round service. Call:
NEW YORK TAX SERVICE
(212) 732-6977

for information and appointment.

Dermatology & Venereal Diseases

... including syphilis, gonorrhea,
NSU, venereal warts, amebiasis.

HAROLD S. ROSS, M.D.
14 East 62nd Street
(212) PL-2-2266

By Appointment
Evening and Saturday hours available

GAY'S ELECTROLYSIS

Certified Electrolysis Specialist

Surgical precision
in removal of
normal and in-grown hair.

(212) 969-0769

HAIR

YOUR PRIVATE HAIR STUDIO

Housecalls—Licensed since 1968

Hair Cuts \$10, Perms \$30

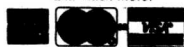
Just call Jim at (212) 777-2964



"The Special Moment Specialists"
(212) 741-0006

Tame the gorilla of your dreams
with an Eastern Onion Singing
Telegram. Eastern Onion has over
75 original songs, offering a
wide variety of routines to
choose from:

The Original Onion Messages
Super Onion Man — Wonder Onion Woman
Bellygrams — Macho Man
Singing and Tap Dancing Cake
Gorilla Grams — Clowns
and much more!



No Wavering and No Accommodation

Your story "Archdiocese Wavers on Omnibus Bill" [Native 8] offers the false hope that the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York is seriously considering changing its opposition to a City Council bill that would ban discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation. In meetings with Dignity/NY and representatives of the Parents of Lesbians and Gays, Church officials have made their intransigence on this issue and their homophobia in general quite clear. These latest meetings have not offered us any political hope, but instead have drawn the battle lines for this go-around on the bill.

Your story also asserts that the Coalition for Lesbian and Gay Rights voted to modify the omnibus bill to accommodate the Archdiocese. First of all, no change in language would accommodate homophobes as virulent as those in the chancery. CLGR, in consultation with Council sponsors of the bill, decided it was time to drop the definition of sexual orientation as "the choice of sexual partner according to gender" because that definition is incorrect, limiting, and unconstructive. It introduces the element of choice when we are trying to educate the public to the fact that orientation is inherent. Many people with homosexual orientations never choose sexual partners, but are gay nonetheless. Furthermore, many sexual minorities were not covered by the limitations of the old definition and will be covered now. Every New Yorker has a sexual orientation, not just those who choose same-sex partners.

The old definition of sexual orientation was chosen in haste ten years ago when New York was the first city to deal with such a bill. Since then, about half of the forty-odd ordinances of this type that have passed do not include definitions of sexual orientations.

The change was made to streamline the bill, to make it clearer what we are fighting for, and to ensure that when it is passed it will be a useful law to have on the books. Sexual practice should not be an issue in this civil rights fight, since sodomy was decriminalized by the State Court of Appeals.

The Archdiocese's agreement to have its legal department review any new language in the bill is a far cry from "wavering" in its opposition. The changes we made were for us, not for them.

Andy Humm
Manhattan

Still at Home in St. Luke's

I have recently joined the readership of the *New York Native* and now regularly receive my newspaper by mail through my subscription. I am delighted that the *New York Gay* community has a newspaper, and a literate one at that.

But I hope that accuracy improves. The report headlined "Gay Groups Go Homeless," page 8 of the March 23-April 5 issue, was accurate that a fire occurred that burned out St. Luke's in the Fields church and that it apparently started in the basement from faulty wiring. However, Integrity and Senior Action in a Gay Environment were not housed in the sanctuary which burned but in the other locations in the church compound. SAGE is in the building called the annex at 185-A Hudson St. Because potential clients will be misled that SAGE is out of business, as founder of SAGE and first president and first chair of the board, I am asking that you print a correction.

Also, my friend Margaret Mead would object from her grave at being called an archaeologist. No, she was the best-known anthropologist in America, if not the world. If your writers don't know the difference, I might change my

mind that the *New York Native* is indeed literate.

Emery S. Hetrick, M.D.
Manhattan

An Immoral Tactic

Although I am not a "Native New Yorker," I am able to purchase your news magazine here in Rochester and truly enjoy it, but I feel compelled to respond to your recent suggestion that gays join the Moral Majority [Native 6]. It was suggested that by getting on Moral Majority's mailing list you could then throw their mailing away (which might be okay). But it was also suggested that one might even want to use MM's postage-paid envelopes to send lead slugs or shredded magazines back to Moral Majority, thereby draining MM's resources.

At first, this might seem like a fine idea that would make us feel we are fiendishly subverting their goals. However, it could backfire on us. Moral Majority's resources are many times greater than those of the National Gay Task Force, Gay Rights National Lobby, or the National Organization for Women, and if we do this to Moral Majority and they pick up on the idea and start urging their members to join pro-gay or pro-feminist groups and use the same tactics, I fear they would have far more success at draining us than we would have at draining them. I somehow don't trust followers of Moral Majority and believe they would stop at nothing, including these tactics, to get their way.

I feel your suggestion was well-intentioned and perhaps offered "tongue-in-cheek," but I feel it is an irresponsible

one that could do more harm than good, and I would urge your readers not to follow these tactics.

Tim Sully
Rochester, N.Y.

Erraticism

A book review by Felice Picano in issue 8 of the *New York Native* made reference to "the irresponsible Boston paper *Fag Rag*." This was a typographic misrendering of Picano's manuscript, which described the paper as *irrepressible*.

Readers of George Whitmore's serial "Deep Dish" may have been mystified by his description of Marcella's wardrobe: "She sat all hunched over in a maroon dawn coat." In fact, she was all hunched over in a maroon down coat.

We have sat down to speak with our irresponsible typesetter.

A photo of the opening-night crowd at the Hibbs Gallery's *Advocate* Show should have been credited to Lee Snider/Photo Images. A photo of the October 14th National March on Washington was taken by Clain DiPalma. The picture of the Mirth and Girth Valentine's Day party was taken by Harold Jay Klein.

Please address letters to:
The Editor
New York Native
250 West 57th Street
Suite 417
New York, N.Y. 10107



Photograph by: Harold Jay Klein

TOM DUANE AND LEONARD SHAVER REMEMBER THOSE NAMES

Chances are that if you're in business, you'll soon be meeting Tom Duane and Leonard Shaver.

They are the ad directors of New York's fastest growing gay newspaper, THE NEW YORK NATIVE.

Let them show you how to reach that multi-billion dollar gay market in New York.

Every two weeks, THE NEW YORK NATIVE gives you the environment your advertising needs—the news, the culture, the listings, the reviews, and the columns—all as exciting as the city we're published in.

If you want to reach the kind of people who make New York happen, then call Tom or Leonard today at (212) 929-7333/4 and get your share of the Native Market.

ADVERTISE WITH STYLE.
NATIVE STYLE.

WELCOME TO THE

N E W · Y O R K

NATIVE

WE HAVE A LOT TO TALK ABOUT.

- *SHOULD GAYS START A POLITICAL PARTY IN MANHATTAN?
- *ARE KOCH'S FRIENDS YOUR ENEMIES?
- *IS WESTWAY A NIGHTMARE FOR GAYS?
- *CAN GAYS TURN THE SUBWAY SYSTEM AROUND?
- *DOES NEW YORK NEED TO BE RE-DESIGNED?
- *ARE THE NEW DRUG CRACKDOWNS ANTI-GAY?
- *ARE THE SCHOOLS HOMOPHOBIC?
- *HOW CAN VIOLENCE AGAINST GAYS BE STOPPED?
- *IS THE MORAL MAJORITY NEO-NAZI?
- *ARE GAYS BEING PRICED OUT OF MANHATTAN?
- *IS SEX HARD TO GET IN NEW YORK CITY?
- *DO GAYS CENSOR GAYS?
- *CAN YOU MAKE A MILLION IN GAY BUSINESS?
- *IS BISEXUALITY THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE?
- *SHOULD YOU ADOPT YOUR LOVER?
- *COULD GAYS SAVE THE SOUTH BRONX?
- *SHOULD YOU BOYCOTT CHANNEL THIRTEEN?
- *WILL EVERY GAY HAVE A LOFT ONE DAY?
- *SHOULD GAY MEN AND LESBIANS HAVE CHILDREN?
- *SHOULD EVERY NEIGHBORHOOD HAVE A GAY STATUE?
- *SHOULD MORE GAYS MOVE TO MANHATTAN?
- *DO ALL GAY PEOPLE VOTE?
- *SHOULD HALF OF ALL GAYS BECOME REPUBLICAN?
- *IS FLAGYL EVEN REMOTELY SAFE?

Date us for 10 first class issues.
We just might stay together forever.

(Subscriptions \$12.50 for ten issues
mailed by first class in an envelope.)

Yes! Please send me ten issues
of the NEW YORK NATIVE.

Enclosed is a
check for \$12.50.

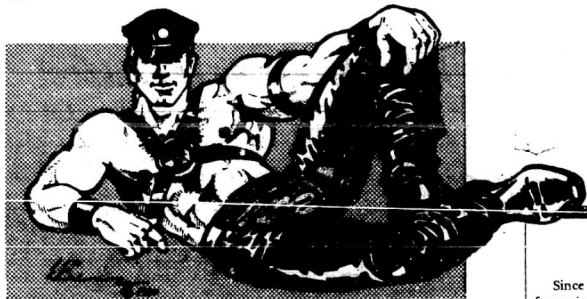
N E W · Y O R K
NATIVE

Name: _____

Address: _____

City, State, Zip: _____

THE NEW YORK NATIVE, 250 West 57th Street, Suite 417, NY, NY 10107



URBAN AFFAIRS

Mr. Leather 1981

Things are heating up in Chicago as the time draws near for the hottest gay event of the season, the 1981 International Mr. Leather Contest to be held on Saturday, May 9.

The scent of freshly oiled leather will permeate the air throughout the Windy City as leathermen from around the globe come to compete or cheer on their favorite for the title of International Mr. Leather.

There are three ways to enjoy the event:

- The weekend package includes tickets to all contest-sponsored events, including two open-bar parties at Chicago's Gold Coast, a Gay Rights National Lobby reception at Touche, and Man's Country's Black-and-Blue Ball, as well as an official contest tee-shirt, free gifts, drink tickets, and discounts at some of

the better gay bars and businesses in Chicago. And all for just \$25!

- If you can't make the whole weekend, tickets to Saturday's contest and show are available for only \$10.

- If you'd like to strut your stuff and want to be a contestant, you must be sponsored by a leather-Levi-Western-uniform bar, Business, club, or organization.

Registration for weekend visitors and for contestants will be held Friday, May 8, from 8 p.m. to midnight on the second floor of the Gold Coast, 501 N. Clark Street. The registration fee for contestants is \$20 and includes all the benefits of the weekend package as well as a specially designed medalion.

For more information or for contestant applications, call Jim Dohr at (312) 266-6329.

The Queen Returns to England

Quentin Crisp makes his farewell American Appearance on April 7 at the



Quentin Crisp, one of the "stately homos of London." Photo by: Gene Bagnato

West Side Discussion Group. The author will be returning to his native England a few days later.

Known initially through his book *The Naked Civil Servant* (later made into a film in which he appeared briefly), Crisp continues to dazzle audiences with his biting wit and recollections of his experiences as one of "the stately homos of London."

Crisp will also be discussing his new book, *How To Become a Virgin*, as well as what it has been like being a "temporary American" during his latest lengthy stay here.

The West Side Discussion Group meets at the Greenwich House auditorium, 27 Barrow Street at Seventh Avenue South, at 8:30 p.m. Contribution requested is \$2 and refreshments will be served following Crisp's program.

Camping: A New Experience

Since first running an article on the formation of a New York chapter of Sundance, the gay camping organization [*Native 41*], we have been receiving calls to find out when the group would be organizing.

Well, the New York City area now truly has its own Sundance chapter. For the past three months city members have been holding organizational meetings with the help of the Long Island directors. Working in cooperation with the Nassau County chapter, the next day hike will be to Mt. Taurus on April

26.

A Site Committee is presently collecting information of available hike locations and discussing future trips. Members have also set up a calendar of events for each season, planning day hikes and weekend camping trips for the fall.

Until the New York chapter has its own mailing address, inquiries may be mailed to:

Outdoor Adventure Society
P.O. Box 333
Seaford, N.Y. 11783

Lesbian Survival in the '80s

Hundreds of lesbians from every part of New York State will be getting together to share their herstory, culture, politics, and knowledge at a three-day conference being held April 10-12 at the SUNY campus at Old Westbury.

The annual conference, sponsored by Lavender Visions, a lesbian political organization, will include workshops on topics such as health care, lesbian mothering, alcoholism, aging, racism, and general "Survival in the '80s," the title of this year's conference.

Free housing will be provided, but pre-registration any time before the actual conference is a must. Students, the unemployed, and low-income women may pay \$5 for either Saturday or Sunday, or \$8 for the weekend. (Friday night programming is only for those staying the entire weekend.) Average-income women are asked to pay \$8 each day or \$14 for the three days. Those who can afford to are being asked for \$10 per day or \$18 for the weekend.

Please send your payment along with your name, address, and phone number to:

Conference
P.O. Box 843
Amityville, N.Y. 11701

Men Dancing - Together

Touted as a festival within a festival, Men Dancing will be a week-long display of male-male dancing coinciding with National Dance Week at the Theater of the Riverside Church, 120th Street and Riverside Drive.

"Fourteen of New York's favorite modern and post-modern male performers will present a varied selection in two programs.

Program "A" (Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday at 8 p.m. and Sunday at 2) includes Robert Small, James Cunningham with Terry Creach, Gus Solomons, Jr., Remy Charlip, Andrew deGroat, Frank Conversano, and Harry Sheppard.



William Gornel performing at Men Dancing. Photo by: Jack Mitchell

Program "B" (Wednesday, Friday, Sunday at 8 p.m., and Saturday at 2) features Don Redlich, Bob Seder with Ed Henry, Tim Buckley, Manuel Alum, and William Gornel.

Many old favorites—as well as relatively unfamiliar pieces—will be performed. All the works promise to highlight the marvelously diverse strengths of New York's finest male dancers.

The festival will take place the week of April 7-12. Admission is \$5 (students and senior citizens \$3.50). For reservations call 864-2929.

Helping Young Gays Find Teen Heaven

If you have an item to submit for the Urban Affairs section, please send it to:

Harold Jay Klein
New York Native
250 West 57th Street
Suite 417
New York, N.Y. 10107

With gay awareness allowing more young people to come out at younger ages every year, a new problem has arisen. Gay youths are daily cast out of their homes by intolerant parents or are deciding on their own to run away from unbearable situations.

When these unbearable situations are temporary, according to the Youth Aid and Advocacy Program, more often than not there is a reconciliation and the gay teenager returns home to try and work out the problems with the family. When this is not possible, however, the youth may have to be placed in a more permanent situation such as a group home.

The Youth Aid and Advocacy Pro-

gram is investigating foster parenting and even adoption between responsible gay and lesbian adults and gay children. At least one foster/adoption agency has already expressed an interest in working with the group. The initial screening would be done by a Gay and Young counselor appointed by the YAAP.

This is an opportunity for caring gay men and women to help give a little back to the gay community by helping the next generation of gay people develop into well-rounded, well-balanced citizens. Those interested in providing housing, whether short-term or long-term foster care, can contact Gay and Young at its hotline: (212) 685-6727, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

NEWS

Gay Rights Bill Goes Before Council—Again

A new version of the 11-year-old gay rights bill has been introduced in the City Council. Council President Carol Bellamy and 12 other members are co-sponsoring the bill, which was introduced at the March 26 council meeting.

During a press conference called to announce the new legislation, the sponsors said, "We believe all New Yorkers have a right to be protected from discrimination in housing, employment, and public accommodations. That right has been too long denied to the gay men and lesbian women who are a significant minority population in New York."

The gay rights bill was last introduced to the council in 1978. It was defeated in committee by a 6-to-3 vote amidst angry protests by gay rights activists.

Although it has come before the City Council with some regularity since 1970, the bill has reached the full council only once—in 1974, when it was voted down, 22 to 19. Every other incarnation of the bill has died in committee.

The sponsors said the measure was being reintroduced now because of changes, both in state law and in the composition of the council membership. The New York State sodomy statute—which has been used to justify many forms of anti-gay discrimination—was ruled unconstitutional last December.

Andy Humm, a spokesperson for the Coalition for Lesbian and Gay Rights, said, "This bill protects people strictly on the basis of sexual orientation. It has

nothing to do with sexual activity. That issue was resolved when the Court of Appeals [the highest court in New York State] threw out the state's sodomy law."

Gay rights leaders speaking up for passage of the bill said it is particularly important now because of the increasing frequency of physical attacks on gays and the heightened power of anti-gay organizations such as the Moral Majority, Inc.

According to Joyce Hunter of Lesbians Rising/Hunter College, "Despite the fact that sodomy laws have been struck down, anti-lesbian and gay discrimination continues and the violence against us has intensified."

Said Eleanor Cooper of CLGR: "By failing to pass the bill in the past, society has denied itself the best efforts of many of its citizens."

Along with Bellamy, the co-sponsors of the gay rights bill are: Robert J. Dryfoos, Democrat of Manhattan; Miriam Friedlander, Democrat-Liberal of Manhattan; Gilberto Gerena-Valentin, Democrat of the Bronx; Abraham G. Genges, Democrat of Brooklyn; Carol Greitzer, Democrat-Liberal of Manhattan; Arthur J. Katzman, Democrat-Liberal of Queens; Ruth W. Messinger, Democrat of Manhattan; Mary Pinkett, Democrat-Liberal of Brooklyn; Edward L. Sadowsky, Democrat-Liberal of Queens; Robert Steingut, Democrat of Brooklyn; Henry J. Stern, Liberal of Manhattan; and Edward Wallace, Democrat of Manhattan.

Lawyers Meet For Gay Rights Conference

Lawyers for Gay Rights advocacy groups, along with gay law students and some community activists, descended on Pittsburgh for a conference called "Law and the Fight for Lesbian and Gay Rights," March 13-15.

The conference enabled men and women involved or interested in gay-related legal action to exchange strategies and build alliances. Workshop topics ranged from writing relationship contracts to getting recognition for law school student groups.

Over one hundred people arrived at the University of Pittsburgh Law School for the conference, the third such gathering. Earlier conferences were at Hastings Law School in San Francisco in 1978, and at New York University in 1979.

There was discussion about making the meetings an annual event.

The Pittsburgh Conference has come at a time when elected officials are increasingly resistant to pro-gay social change. Many lesbian and gay leaders feel that any effective progress will come through the court system.

Three leaders of the New York-based Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund led workshops. They were President Margot Karle, Executive Director Roz Richter, and General Counsel Michael Lavery.

Justice Stephen Lachs of the California Superior Court of Los Angeles delivered the keynote address entitled "The Gay Lawyer's Role and Experience in the Legal Community."

—David Feinberg

GLID Protests Cops' Plans For Hustlers

The Gay and Lesbian Independent Democrats (GLID) has issued a strong criticism of a planned 4.5-million dollar police overtime program announced recently by New York Mayor Ed Koch. In the February 27 *New York Times*, Police Commissioner Robert J. McGuire is quoted as saying that the program would enable the police to "attack specific street crime problems—from male prostitution and muggings on Manhattan's East Side to store robberies in downtown Brooklyn."

GLID's letter to the mayor takes is-

sue with this emphasis as stated by McGuire:

Taking note of the increasing violence against gay people in New York, particularly in the West Village and Chelsea, GLID said it cannot see how any sort of prostitution on the East Side, male, or female, could be considered more important than robbery or assault. GLID's letter urges the mayor and Commissioner McGuire to reorder the police department's crime-fighting priorities accordingly.

Police Arrest Mickey Suspect

Police have announced the first arrest stemming from an investigation of a string of robberies in which men brought home for sex drugged their hosts' drinks to knock them unconscious.

Police said Malcolm Botway, 27, was arrested March 6 in connection with two cases involving so-called "knockout drops." At the time of his arrest, Botway was awaiting trial for allegedly beating an older gay man in his Upper East Side apartment last December.

Victims who ingested the Miceys remained unconscious for up to two days as the offender, sometimes with the help of others, robbed the victims' apartments. In one case, the intake was nearly fatal.

The Poison Control Center of the city's Department of Health has identified the drugs used in the robberies as Scopolamine and Diazepam.

Officer Bernard Cretaro of the 23rd Detective Squad said such incidents were occurring in all parts of the city, and were not restricted to the gay community.

Cretaro said there had been a drop-off in the frequency of such incidents, but that efforts were continuing to help complainants to identify suspects.

City Health Commissioner Reinaldo A. Ferrer issued a statement urging gay people to "exercise more caution when inviting strangers to their homes."

David Feinberg

Gay Association Will Pursue U.N. Status

The International Gay Association will consider reviving its bid to obtain Consultative Status at the United Nations when it holds its annual conference April 17-19 in Turin, Italy.

Consultative Status would confer a kind of formal recognition on the Association. Depending on the category of the Status, it might also give IGA a forum in which to report on the treatment by nations of their gay citizens.

The Association originally elected to go after Consultative Status at its conference last spring in Costa Brava, Spain. That effort stalled when an employee of the U.N. who was reviewing IGA's appli-

cation informed the group's U.S. representative that it had little chance of succeeding.

Clint Hockenberry, Director of the IGA Liaison Office in Washington, D.C., explained that the predominance of "first world" countries and the lack of a constitution or formal offices were all hindrances to acceptance by the United Nations.

Even if those situations change and the IGA reapplies, the U.N. could not confer Consultative Status until early in 1983, when the 13-nation special committee of the Economic and Social Council holds its next biennial meeting.

—David Feinberg

The Jury Box

Michael Petito and Patrick Moysse have been convicted of second-degree assault in attacks on Vincent Sapienza and David Sasser on Christopher Street last November 15. Sasser and Sapienza were cut with broken bottles and severely beaten. Sasser was also stabbed with a knife.

Their defense attorneys contended that Moysse and Petito were actually the victims in this case, claiming that Sapienza triggered the incident by kicking Petito's car with his roller skates. Sasser allegedly entered the fight as Petito tried to stop Sapienza from skating away. After this first confrontation, according to the defense, a second fight occurred when Petito later caught up with Sasser at the corner of Christopher and Bleeker.

The second fight allegedly ended when Petito and Moysse were outnumbered by a gang of up to 15 gay men who jumped in to defend Sasser. It was like being attacked by "a gang . . . a sect," Petito testified.

There were some inconsistencies in the defense. At first, Petito said he did not see Sasser hit Moysse—but he later changed his testimony. Moysse also claimed he had no knife with him that night. But the arresting police officer testified twice that as he booked Moysse, he confiscated a knife from him. No evidence of the alleged dent in Petito's car could be produced, as the car had been sold to cover legal fees.

Interestingly, the assistant district attorney handling the case screened potential jurors by asking if a witness's gayness would make his testimony seem less credible. One potential juror who answered affirmatively was disqualified.

Probably the strongest evidence introduced for the prosecution was a set

of color photographs of the injuries sustained by Sapienza and Sasser. Mug shots of the defendants, taken soon after their arrest, showed none of the bruises Petito and Moysse claimed to have suffered in the incident.

The jury returned a guilty verdict after just four hours of deliberation. The presiding judge ordered the defendants held in custody, fearing they would jump bail if they were released until sentencing. Petito and Moysse will be sentenced April 7.

The next gay-related case slated to go to trial is that of Malcolm Botway, accused of attacking a gay man with a hammer. Botway allegedly gained entry to the victim's apartment by claiming to be retaking the U.S. Census. Charged with first- and second-degree robbery, second- and third-degree assault, and second- and third-degree grand larceny, Botway is free on \$50 bail.

Ronald Crumpley, the former transit policeman accused in the West Street Massacre, has been found competent to stand trial by the state. His defense is expected to be based on non-responsibility by reason of mental disease or defect. Crumpley was found mentally defective by a defense psychiatrist at the time of the incident, in which two men were killed and six others were injured.

Assistant District Attorney Ruth Gordon expects the court-appointed psychiatrist to find him mentally competent at the time of the incident, enabling Crumpley to stand trial. Already, Judge Herbert Altman has granted the defense a hearing to determine whether the defendant's incriminating statements following his arrest can be excluded from the admissible evidence.

—Bob Downing

Crisis at the Gay Task Force

Demands for Resignation Increase

by Larry Bush

Continued from page 1

to Rep. Pete McCloskey (R-Calif.) urging him not to introduce a measure forbidding the military from discriminating against gays. The Task Force argued that the bill might undercut its efforts to overturn the policy through the courts, but included a statement that gay rights is one of those "controversial issues" for which members of Congress lack a clear sense of constituent attitude. That stance won an endorsement from Christian Voice, the anti-gay lobby which called NGTF "absolutely right," but it incensed gay leaders, many of whom now are speaking out publicly against the Task Force for the first time.

California's largest gay Democratic club, the San Francisco-based Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club, on March 24 passed a resolution which concluded, "Further, the Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club calls on Lucia Valeska and Charles Brydon to publicly retract their letter to Rep. McCloskey or resign immediately." Feelings on the matter ran so high that Cleve Jones, a leading San Francisco activist who authored the resolution, flew in from Sacramento just for the occasion, and Gwen Craig, president of the Harvey Milk club, made a special point of throwing her support behind the measure.

A second San Francisco-based group, the Stonewall Democratic Club, had gone on record the previous week with a letter stating, "Valeska and Brydon can resign, or NGTF can retract its letter to McCloskey, declare its support for pro-gay legislation and issue a new, assertive strategy for the coming decade." California assemblyman Art Agnos, author and chief sponsor of the state's proposed gay rights ordinance, also wrote the Task Force expressing his "disappointment" with the McCloskey letter, and saying, "I feel very strongly that it is precisely because of the increased pressure from the 'New Right' that such legislation must be fought for even though the chances of passage may be slim."

Similar statements also came from

EDITOR'S NOTE:

As the Native went to press March 25, it was learned that National Gay Task Force co-executive director Lucia Valeska had called in Tom Burrows, her staff aide, and told him his resignation would be welcomed on the grounds that he had been the source of stories about the Task Force which have been appearing in the gay press. Valeska, asked for comment, said that Burrows' communication with Bush was an issue, but "was not the essence of the discussion." Instead, she said, the point of contention was "the divergent direction that the Task Force and he had taken over the past few months."

Burrows resigned.

New York gay leaders Virginia Apuzzo, a member of last year's Democratic Party Platform Committee, and Peter Vogel, president of Brooklyn's Lambda Independent Democrats, who endorsed the call for retraction or resignation.

Criticism of the National Gay Task Force and its leaders is not in itself new. To the extent that the issue is rivalry between the National Gay Task Force and the Gay Rights National Lobby—whose ox was gored in the McCloskey letter *contretemps*—that also is not new. Groups from the boards of the two organizations already had planned an April 11 meeting to thrash out their problems, and both sides have expressed optimism from the board level that the fuss can be resolved. One expects that at that meeting some special attention now will have to be paid to the McCloskey letter.

But there is something that goes beyond the McCloskey letter at issue now, and that is what is likely to change the terrain in gay political circles. Gays are beginning to take the national scene seriously, and as a result they are making new demands on their national leadership.

With the rout Republicans managed during the last elections, gays were forced to turn a corner and head in a different direction. Before gay leaders had a chance to catch their breath, newly powerful anti-gay groups were out flexing their muscles.

Brydon and Valeska chose as their response a route of raising funds and increasing membership for the Task Force. The lack of money and members had inhibited them in accomplishing goals they felt otherwise were within reach during the Carter years, and the rise to power of the New Christian Right might logically have suggested that any shortcomings in the Carter years could quickly become disasters in the Reagan years.

What the critics are saying is that a key element has been overlooked, and that is the need to directly challenge the grip that anti-gay forces are seeking on gay issues. It is in this area, not in its educational programs or other areas, that the Task Force leaders are getting a failing grade and being told to mend their ways.

The first statement from the Task Force following Reagan's victory, for example, was a message of congratulations to Reagan that included a claim that gays had helped put him in office. Gay leaders who had worked hard to deliver precincts to Carter, and had the statistics to show they had succeeded, were offended.

Next the Task Force was caught fudging on its claims about a Washington office, which was ballyhooed in its newsletter *It's Time* one week, closed two weeks later, and a week after that described by Task Force leaders as not a serious effort to begin with.

In January, still before Reagan was inaugurated, Brydon and Valeska gave a reading to the Select Commission on Immigration that was substantially different from that of nearly all other gay leaders around the country. They termed the action, which defeated two pro-gay proposals in favor of a position that said as close to nothing as possible, as a "victory," and did not take issue with public statements by commissioners that discriminating against gays was "a matter of taste."

That was followed shortly by a reversal in the Federal Communications Commission. The Task Force had worked for three years to get the FCC to include gays in its community as

certainment sweeps, and finally won that battle. But early this year the FCC proposed dropping community ascertainment altogether, spurring a number of groups into challenging the rule change. Brydon publicly said NGTF would let the issue ride until gays were directly affected, despite an appeal from the United Church of Christ that the Task Force join in.

After Reagan took office, the major issue for all social groups became budget cuts, and it is likely no community will be as severely affected as the gay community. Under the cut proposals, nearly every major program that has helped gay community groups will be either eliminated or cut drastically, from CETA workers to VD screening programs. Brydon's only public comment was that gays would have to make the adjustment, and no note was taken of the federal dollars still being expended to discriminate against gays.

In two other, non-federal-related areas, where the Task Force traditionally has maintained visibility, Brydon and Valeska failed to take up issues which became important. No statement was made from the Task Force about the planned drive to build "anti-homosexual sentiment" in San Francisco, even when one of the leaders of a fundamentalist coalition was quoted as suggesting the death penalty should apply to homosexuality. The second area was NGTF's annual survey of Fortune 500 companies for statements on non-discrimination. The returns this year, according to knowledgeable sources, included several retractions of earlier statements that had supported gays. The survey still has not been released.

Task Force supporters, and those who place themselves somewhere in the middle of the current dispute, point out that Brydon and Valeska do not have enviable jobs, and that it will take some time to adjust to the current situation. Critics have said that there is no time left and that a strong, aggressive policy must be undertaken now.

One group which has not entered into the public debate before, but which has a strong bearing on the current situation,

D.C. DESK

is, Brydon's and Valeska's board of directors. It has increasingly become considered a group far from the mainstream of gay leadership and one that is willing to impose broad demands on the co-directors without allowing for the priorities which must be set under the limited staff circumstances.

For some time now, one of the worst-kept secrets in the movement has been that during its meetings the Task Force board spends its time mainly on surreal problems, debating at length resolutions against the personal aids in gay papers while giving cursory attention to the federal area. Entire meetings have been set aside to deal with racism among board members. This preoccupation with turning the board away from policy questions and toward gay donor-supported consciousness-raising sessions has taken its toll as some of the most effective board members have resigned.

A call to Bobbi Weinstock, board co-chair, to ask for her estimation of the most pressing problem facing gays in the next few months, elicited the response: "Welfare mothers." Lesbians are often mothers on welfare, Weinstock said, and a federal fund cut-off for them would be devastating.

"Until there's a radical change in the composition and contribution of the board, it's not going to change," predicted Bruce Voeller, Brydon's predecessor at NGTF. "It's time to have a totally different kind of board."

Voeller has not joined in any of the ultimatums against the current leaders, calling such tactics counterproductive, and expresses support and sympathy for the two incumbents. He tried to put

(Continued on Page 13)

THE GAY ROOMMATE SERVICE

580-7696

12 NOON UNTIL 9PM

Still growing & still successful since 1976, we guarantee many more apartments to share than any other service. Lowest fee in New York City. \$35 NO FEE TO LIST YOUR APARTMENT



Super Tan
TANNING SALON

202 West 21 Street
Corner 7th Ave.
(212) 626-0838

Monday-Friday 10 a.m. - 8 P.M.
Saturday 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.

ONE FREE SESSION WITH THIS COUPON

WE NOW HAVE THE EUROPEAN TANNING SYSTEM.

TAN SAFELY, COMFORTABLY AND CONVENIENTLY

Going on vacation? Let us give you a base tan and arrive there looking great. Enjoy an all over tan in complete privacy without burning.

The Victims of Aesthetic Realism

By Paul R. Grossman

At precisely 9:07, audience members in the Terrain Gallery—the Aesthetic Realism headquarters at 141 Greene Street in Soho—crush cigarettes and begin to settle down. A cloud-like hush travels across the room as if some secret signal has been given that I, the outsider, cannot detect. A moment later, the lights are dimmed. The program is about to begin.

From the back of the room two men and two women begin a brisk single-file march up the center aisle. Upon reaching the podium in the front, they do an about-face and quickly take seats: one behind a speaker's stand, three behind a long wooden table. Their faces are stern and uncompromising. Their dress is strikingly similar. Each one wears a blazer, trim and tailored, with a small black-and-white button pinned to the left lapel near the heart. The buttons bear a terse slogan: "Victim of the Press."

In a haunting mechanical voice, the master of ceremonies welcomes the crowd. Tonight's feature presentation, he announces, is an Aesthetic Realism Lesson created by the founder of the movement—the late poet and critic Eli Siegel—entitled, "Do You Trust Women?" It will be followed, after a brief intermission, by another reading: "Fourteen Things About Homosexuality: Particularly in Its Relation to Good Will."

In my lap is a pamphlet handed out by someone at the door. It is a periodical of "Hope and Information" entitled "The Right of Aesthetic Realism to be Known." Its banner headline reads simply: *Contempt Causes Insanity*.

"Dear Unknown Friends," the pamphlet begins. "When Eli Siegel, the founder of Aesthetic Realism, said, 'The World, Art and Self explain each other: each is the aesthetic oneness of opposite,' he gave to man what the centuries have searched for: an explanation true about our lives, true about art, and true about the puzzling, contradictory, often painful world we are in. That is why we believe Aesthetic Realism ensures the future sanity of man."

The emcee's bland voice drones on. After proclaiming that he is "one of the more than 150 men who have, through the study of Aesthetic Realism, changed from homosexuality," he introduces Deborah Tarrow to read the weekly press and media report.

Miss Tarrow slides forward in her chair. She smiles—somewhat. Tonight she has good news to report. Finally, after nearly forty years of silence and "contempt," the press has begun to pay attention to the Aesthetic Realism of Eli

Siegel, to give it the "respect" it so rightly deserves.

She refers to an article printed in the City section of the March 15 *Daily News*: "Gays Who Have Gone Straight." In it, reporter John Lewis at long last reveals news of the unique "educational program" being offered to homosexuals by Aesthetic Realism. The audience becomes excited as Miss Tarrow recites a list of results already evident from this "major breakthrough." ABC television has called, interested in a story. Tom Snyder has called. WPLJ radio has called.

A woman has even called from Wichita, seeking help for her son. A hearty round of applause breaks out. A sigh of relief—of ecstasy, almost. At last, someone has written something honest about the "bigness" of Aesthetic Realism.

When her report is finally over, Miss Tarrow slides back into her chair. Instantly, her face becomes expressionless, as if someone has pulled a plug. At the same moment, the man sitting next to her suddenly springs to life. Now it is his turn to recite.

Victim of the Press

In the Village, one can hardly avoid noticing these stern-faced, primly dressed individuals marching up and down the streets with their Victim of the Press buttons. Or, for that matter, the card-

board placards taped to streetlights and letter boxes with names and faces proclaiming the "truth" about their change from homosexuality.

My first encounter with the Aesthetic Realists, however, came only a few weeks ago when I walked into the door of their gallery and announced at the desk that I was interested in doing a story about just how it was that they turned gay's straight. A pair of oval glasses and tightly pursed lips informed me quite brusquely that I would first have to speak to someone from the Press Committee.

Several minutes later, not one but

from Eli Siegel? And finally, if they did permit me to write an article, would I be willing to submit it before publishing to ensure that it was "fair" and "accurate?"

I told them quite bluntly that rather than being victims of the press, they seemed to me to be the victimizers. I had every intention, I said, of being open and honest—but also fully critical. The next day Miss Tarrow informed me that my request had been rejected.

After some time, I obtained a copy of a book by Eli Siegel. I studied it diligently, paying close attention not so much to the ideas themselves but to the

This is a cult . . . employing all the subtle and manipulative techniques of mind-control used by such masters of the genre as the Moonies, the Scientologists, and, yes, even the evangelical Christians.

two members of the committee arrived from their offices upstairs and flanked me on either side. One was Anne Fielding Kranz—wife of Sheldon Kranz, the man who, back in 1941, was the first one to "make the change." My other escort was Deborah Tarrow.

For nearly twenty minutes I was subjected to a stereophonic interrogation about the "nature" of my intentions. Besides asking me if I was a "Moonie," they insisted on knowing: was I going to be "fair" to Aesthetic Realism? Would I give this philosophy the "respect" it deserved? Would I be open and realize that maybe I had something to learn

way in which he chose to express them—and, in particular, to the way his students responded to them. It was at that point that I began to see what Aesthetic Realism was, in fact, about. The dogmatism, the loaded phraseology, the God-like reverence his students demonstrated—these spelled out one thing: that this was no philosophy. This was a cult, genuine and bona fide, employing all the subtle and manipulative techniques of mind-control used by such masters of the genre as the Moonies, the Scientologists, and, yes, even the evangelical Christians.

It was then and there that I decided:

if I wanted to learn more about these people, infiltration was the only approach possible.

Victim of the Press

The following Thursday night at one of their twice-weekly public meetings, I ran into Miss Tarrow once again. In as solicitous a manner as I could manage, I told her that I had read Mr. Siegel's book and had liked it very much. I felt, I said, a kind of "inner attraction" to it. She studied me with suspicion in her eyes. She did notice, so she said, that a change had occurred in me. I seemed to her less "malevolent." I shook my head. She looked at me again. If I wanted to, she said, I could come upstairs during the intermission. She would introduce me to one of the evening's keynote speakers, Roy Harris—a man who had "made the change."

The program that night was "Homosexuality, Love and Education." Once again, the speakers—each with a Victim of the Press button—marched up the center aisle in paramilitary formation. They sat behind the podium reading papers for up to twenty minutes at a time in voices so monotonously automatic, I found myself being lulled toward the edge of sleep. Or, perhaps, hypnosis.

Roy Harris struck me instantly with the pallid color of his cheeks and the mincing—if I may be so bold—manner of his carriage. Presenting a lengthy biography of the Russian poet Serge Esenin, one-time husband of Isadora Duncan, he detailed how, according to the "aesthetic theory," Esenin's homosexuality had driven him insane. The audience groaned aloud with each account of his slip into the hell of "contempt." They seemed genuinely sorry for Esenin. If only Eli Siegel had been around at that time...

During the intermission I went upstairs, where Miss Tarrow was waiting to introduce me to Mr. Harris. He looked into my eyes and smiled. "I think," he said, "there is something inside you that likes Aesthetic Realism, Mr. Grossman." I smiled in return. His eyes widened. He understood. Despite my pro-gay attitude, he knew that, secretly, in my heart, I longed to make the change from what, in their lingo, they simply refer to as "H." The bait had been swallowed.

I was granted an interview for the following week. At first, I expected it to be with Mr. Harris alone. I soon learned, however, one of the chief *modi operandi* of Aesthetic Realism: never meet one-on-one. When I arrived for my appointment, I found myself sitting across a desk from three (count 'em, three!) Victims of the Press—all of whom had "made the change." They were anxious, unbearably anxious, to make me understand that Aesthetic Realism was not just about changing from homosexuality. It is an entire "mode" for seeing the world.

My hour with them was a grueling experience.

"As we see it, Mr. Grossman, Aesthetic Realism is true in a way that nothing else is. And I can tell you, as I'm sitting here talking to you, that we are trained

in a certain way. After a while, I begin to see things, Mr. Grossman. A look in the eye, something present in the face..."

A man who has been introduced as Mr. van Griethuysen speaks to me in a soft, sing-song voice—like Daddy reading a bedtime story to his little boy, except that the tales he's telling aren't very benign. He never takes his eyes off me, letting me know, in his own absolute way, that he understands me. All of me.

"At our first meeting," I say, "Miss Tarrow told me she thought Aesthetic Realism was the best friend the gay community had. How do you explain that?"

Mr. Harris responds. His voice is also Daddy's.

"You know something, Mr. Grossman, in 1971, the first time we had trouble with what I guess you'd call the gay community—after our appearance on the David Susskind Show—I was very surprised that people wouldn't like Aesthetic Realism. Even gay people. It might look as if we're against gay rights, but Lord knows—we're not! I was once a homosexual. I know what it feels like to have someone look at me in a funny way. We want gay people to have all their rights: live where they want to live, have the jobs they want to have, so that the main question can be asked: 'Is the way I see the world good enough for me?' We don't call homosexuality ugly, ugly. We do criticize it. But if homosexuality represents incompleteness in a person, then in questioning that, we would be being friendly, wouldn't we?"

In Aesthetic Realism, this technique is called "Criticism as Kindness."

About halfway through the interview I finally ask something I have been wanting to all along: "Why do you call me Mr. Grossman every other sentence? All of you do that—address each other constantly in the impersonal."

Mr. van Griethuysen: "Why are you asking that question, Mr. Grossman? In the midst of what I was saying?"

"For whatever the reason, I'm asking."

"Look, you may not like this, but we don't get anywhere if we're not direct. You have a tendency—if I might say so—especially after an important answer, to switch the subject and ask a less important question."

"Yes. But can you answer the question, anyway?"

"I can. But what I'm trying to tell you is this—this tendency of yours has to do with the fight that's going on inside you between contempt and respect."

"Oh," I say.

Now, more clearly, I'm beginning to understand.

Victim of the Press

The belief system taught by Aesthetic Realism can, at best, be termed reductional; at worst, convoluted—fascism. Still, like all "modes of seeing the world," its logic rings of a certain small truth that, in the end, can be applied to absolutely everything.

The gospel according to Eli Siegel

can roughly be said to go as follows:

Man is born with an innate and natural dichotomy: the desire to "like" the world—to "respect" it on an "honest basis"—and, opposing this, the desire to have "contempt" for the world, to make it look "ugly" so that you, by comparison, seem more important than it. Aesthetic "Reality," therefore—that which every person longs to attain—is the making one of these opposites. This can be accomplished scientifically by "knowing" the world—i.e., recognizing your contempt for it and then consciously accepting that what you really want is to respect it. Since Eli Siegel was the first and only human being ever to recognize this, it follows that only by incorporating his teachings can that oneness ever be attained.

The Aesthetic Realists themselves are, needless to say, the last to recognize that a catch-all system such as the above is the perfect tool for mind-control.

"Good Christ, Mr. Grossman," exclaims Mr. van Griethuysen. "I do not see myself as any kind of cultist. I dislike them very much. I happen to be listed in *Who's Who in the Theater*. I was educated quite impressively."

That much is for sure.

Victim of the Press

Aesthetic Realism is taught by several different methods. There are the weekly public meetings. There are seminars offered in art, poetry, literature, even science. But most effective are what they call "consultations." Here, a "student" is put into a room with an Aesthetic Realism trio—as I was—whose singleminded purpose it is to make him see that he has been poisoned by that ugly thing called contempt.

"What I'm trying to tell you, Mr. Grossman, is that this tendency you have has to do with the fight inside you between respect and contempt."

In actuality, "consultations" are slyly packaged sessions for mind-control—what Yale psychiatry professor Robert Lifton describes in a classic study on the subject, *Thought Reform and the Psychology of Totalism*, as "thought-reform" or "re-education." More bluntly stated, it's brainwashing.

In the case of Aesthetic Realism, the student is subjected to a tightly organized barrage of accusations—veiled by layers of politeness—from three separate but clearly unified voices. Lifton calls this Identity Assault. The message they deliver is both existential ("You have contempt!") and psychologically demanding ("If you want to be whole, you must learn to see your contempt.") After some time, the "consultee" has little choice but to accept this syllogism and begin to feel—unconsciously at first—that, yes, his life is permeated by contempt. Thus begins, to use Lifton's term, the Establishment of Guilt.

As the consultations continue, any feelings of resistance on the part of the student can be labeled as further evidence of contempt. If what the student wants is "respect," he begins to see the criticism as wholly necessary—in fact, begins to welcome it as an integral part of his "cure." At this point, the thought-reform process has been internalized,

and the work of the consultation trio is lessened as the student adopts the belief system and takes it as his own. The new Victim of the Press dons a button and goes out into the world to espouse the teachings of Eli Siegel—which one of them called, "The summation of all human knowledge."

Victim of the Press

The Aesthetic Realists are not interested merely in homosexuals. They want anyone who is seeking to perceive the world "as it really is." However, one need only observe the audience at any given Aesthetic Realism meeting to deduce why the "Case of H" has been so heavily accented. Aside from the location of their headquarters on the edge of the largest homosexual community in the world, those who are attracted to them—particularly the men—are, nearly without exception, gay. Excuse me—formerly gay.

According to Eli Siegel, homosexuality is, simply, "bad aesthetics." Like "biting one's nails, depression, excessive gambling," it arises out of a "disproportionate way of seeing the world," Siegel wrote:

"Homosexuality has arisen often from a son's contempt for the way a mother showed 'love' to him. This contempt, based on an easy conquest of the mother, changed to a contempt for, and a deep indifference to, woman."

Sound familiar? It's early Freud all over again, only couched in Eli Siegelisms. (Siegel, understandably, had great "contempt" for any form of psychotherapy. "It doesn't work" is the usual logic.)

"That love was had on such easy terms," continues Siegel's revolutionary concept, "encouraged likewise a contempt for that which was different from oneself—that is, the world."

Siegel reveals the patriarchal side of himself when he muses that while lesbians too can change, same gender love between females is "somewhat more justifiable" because of the "sense of mystery" women have. Such mystery apparently does not exist inside of men. "After all," I was told, "there is no male equivalent to the *Mona Lisa*."

So men who wish to "make the change"—but for a few instances, it is always men—can accomplish through Aesthetic Realism what no amount of psychotherapy ever will: by admitting they have contempt for their mothers, they can turn that contempt into respect and live a normal life.

Excerpts from Aesthetic Realism's manual on homosexuality, entitled *The H Persuasion*, illustrate how a student is made to see how deep his contempt really is.

Q. When don't I trust myself the most? Continued on page 31

THE ROSS REPORT

Venereal Warts: Yet Another Nasty Virus

by Harold S. Ross, M.D.

Condylomata acuminata are commonly referred to as venereal warts because they are sexually transmitted. They are caused by a virus. In most respects, this is the same virus that causes warts elsewhere on the body: the common verruca vulgaris which can occur anywhere on the skin; the verruca plana which is flatter, smoother, and most commonly seen on the face and backs of the feet. These wart types differ microscopically and in their mode of transmission. We are concerned in this article, however with venereal warts because of their high incidence in gay men.

Venereal warts may be seen anywhere in the groin, but are especially common on the penis and in the anal area. In gay men warts are the most frequently seen sexually transmitted skin lesions affecting the anal area externally as well as internally.

Anal warts are about ten times more common than penile warts in gay men, and are most often seen in men who engage in anal receptive sex. Also, those men who engage in anal receptive sex frequently are more likely to develop warts than those who engage sporad-

ically. We are seeing many more cases of anal warts today as compared with 12 or 15 years ago. Is this because anal sex is more popular today, or is it because of the greater sexual freedom in general, allowing for the easier availability of multiple sex partners?

Regular sex partners of individuals with venereal warts should be examined periodically. It is interesting to note, however, that susceptibility to the wart virus is highly variable, and that as many as 40 percent of the individuals exposed to the virus will not develop warts.

Uncircumcised men are more prone to develop penile warts and therefore transmit them than circumcised men. This is because venereal warts like to grow in moist environments like that which exists under the foreskin. The moist anal area is also a perfect one in which venereal warts can take hold and multiply. Also, whatever trauma, however slight, that might occur to the anal area during sex gives the virus an easy entry. Some investigators also feel that the wart virus is a frequent inhabitant of the anorectal area in the first place and is just waiting for the chance to invade.

It is interesting to note the occasional—but increasing—occurrence of anal warts in straight men and gay men who claim never to have had anal sex. In-

variably there is a common factor in these two groups, rimming and not washing the saliva off the area within an hour. We have the situation of an already moist area made even moister by a coating of saliva. In addition, the wart virus may be an inhabitant of saliva (at least in some individuals) as well as the anorectal area.

Venereal warts occur on the penis or anus as fairly soft, warty growths which may join together, especially the anal area to form cauliflower-like masses. Warts may also occur inside the opening at the end of the penis, which is called the urethral meatus. In this location they tend to bleed easily and can therefore be quite alarming. Intra-anal warts may also bleed during sex or defecation causing many individuals to think they have hemorrhoids—which, of course, may occur simultaneously—and therefore to neglect seeking medical attention until the warts have spread.

This leads us to the most important complication of warts in particular: their tendency to spread and multiply rapidly. A rare complication of warts is the giant condylomata of Buschke and Lowenstein seen in uncircumcised men, which can ulcerate and cause penile destruction. Although usually benign, they may rarely become malignant.

The prevention of venereal warts is not as easy as it may seem. Obviously the avoidance of sex with an infected individual is foremost; however, sexual warts may go unnoticed. Thorough washing as soon as possible after sex, however unromantic, is probably the best and most practical preventative measure one can take.

The treatment of venereal warts depends upon their location and must always be done by a physician. Penile warts may be treated with trichloroacetic acid or liquid nitrogen. Often these methods do not destroy the "root" of the wart and they may recur. I prefer to remove penile warts by a simple surgical procedure, done in the office under local xylocaine anesthesia, called electrodissection and curettage. This is commonly referred to as "burning the warts." Healing usually takes place

within a few days, and there is no visible scarring in most cases.

Anal warts may be treated in several ways. If the warts are on the skin, a fair distance from the anal opening, they are dry, and therefore best treated by the "burning procedure" described above. If they are close to the anus or just inside the opening, they may be successfully treated by the application of a chemical called podophyllin once weekly until the warts have disappeared. The length of time required to "cure" the warts varies from one individual to another regardless of the method employed.

If anoscopy (the examination of the anal canal with a plastic tube) reveals internal warts, it is important that these be treated without much delay. For as long as there are warts inside the anal canal or up inside the rectum, external anal warts will continue to appear. Treatment of internal warts can be accomplished with trichloroacetic acid, dichloroacetic acid, surgically, or with a combination of chemical and surgical procedures.

The treatment of penile warts is much more quickly accomplished than that of anal warts. The latter may require, in some cases, several months of treatment. Anal sex is not permitted during treatment because of the possibility of secondary bacterial infection and of spreading the already existing warts.

Venereal warts are not life-threatening to be sure, but they are unsightly, infectious, multiply rapidly, in many cases relentlessly recurrent, and certainly a cause of great anguish to those individuals who have them.

Harold Ross, M.D., specializes in the treatment of sexually transmitted diseases and dermatology and is in private practice in Manhattan. He invites you to send letters or comments to him at:

The New York Native
250 W. 57 St.

New York, NY 10017

Please indicate whether your letter is intended for publication and, if so, whether your name may be used.

ASK DR. BERGER



by Stuart Berger, M.D., M.P.H.

Dear Dr. Berger:

I have been in a deep depression since the death of my lover last October. I suppose my feelings of remorse are to be expected. Frank and I enjoyed the deepest, most intimate, most caring relationship for close to 20 years. Occasionally we had slight difficulties—the typical fits of jealousy and possessive-

ness—but, on the whole, our love for each other grew greater with each passing year. I really don't know how I'll live without him.

Can you please suggest a few ways an older gay man can help ease himself through a period of grief? Our friends have been wonderful, but they can only say and do so much.

Sincerely,
Help

Dear Help:

What you're describing is the mourning related to the loss of an important person in your life. Obviously, the most important person. With sadness, I must admit to you that there are no quick solutions or easy ways to relieve your pain or reduce the time of mourning. Perhaps the most critical understanding in such a situation is that time itself will reduce the pain and that by mobilizing what you have available to you—your friends, other relationships, attempting to maintain your current interests—will, with time, reduce the remorse that

you're currently feeling.

If you feel that you need someone to talk with on a regular basis, this certainly is a life-crisis which warrants appropriate supportive psychotherapy. The places available for this are numerous; a wide variety of clinics or private practitioners can be recommended at a wide range of costs, beginning with extremely reasonable.

During this period of mourning, the temptation to reduce pain through the abuse of alcohol or drugs is very high. It is important, therefore, to understand that the pain you're feeling will indeed reduce itself with time, and that self-destructive means of reducing pain often prolong it. I might also suggest that you avoid spending too much time alone.

I hope that this advice is helpful to you.

Dear Dr. Berger:

In your opinion, what is the greatest present danger to the physical or emotional health of gay people? With the prevalence of gay bashing, the Moral Majority, horrendous Diana Ross specials, Liz Taylor opening in *The Little Foxes*, Lauren Bacall opening in *Woman of the Year*—it's very difficult to gauge relative dangers.

Yours,
Bogeyman

Dear Bogeyman:

Your concern about a great present danger to the emotional health of gay people is astute. Your suggested victimizers vary in accuracy.

I think that what the gay community needs to be most watchful of today is the threat of the socio-political right backlash that the country as a whole is experiencing.

At a time when books on sex education are being burned in Wisconsin and elsewhere, and the theory of evolution is on trial in California, the gay community as a whole is particularly vulnerable to this malignant and insidious right-wing backlash. It is important for us not to minimize the danger, but rather as a community understand that the next decade holds particular treachery for us. We must strengthen the support systems that have been developed over the past decade to defend individual liberties and human rights in the coming decade.

Dr. Berger invites you to submit letters or comments to him at:

Stuart Berger, M.D., M.P.H.
480 Second Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

Please indicate whether your letter is intended for publication in the *New York Native* and, if so, whether your name may be used.

Continued from page 9

the current problems into perspective.

"The problem is that when you lose all your CETA staff, and escalate your own salary so you can't afford anybody else, suddenly you're doing it all your self. You get cranky and a little crazy." He adds that the salaries, up from \$13,000 each when he left to \$29,000 each today, are being taken out of a budget which has not grown.

Board members predict that they will not give these issues a full hearing until they meet again in June, but the calendar ahead shows no relief in the oncoming rush of issues that will concern gays.

Between now and June, for example, a comprehensive immigration reform bill will be introduced in Congress. At the moment, Brydon's public statements indicate that he prefers that the Task Force rather than the Gay Lobby take this issue to Congress. In practical terms, any effort to get a version that helps end the decades-old exclusion of gays will have to be worked out far in advance, a point now being made by the newly formed association of gay Democratic clubs. They are calling for all gay Kennedy supporters to contact the senator about their concern, since he will be ranking minority member on the committee that first debates the issue. The prospects of amending any version to be more favorable to gays after intra-gay debates are settled are rated as nonexistent, since any reform has at best a dim chance.

In the same period, a new Family Protection Act will be introduced to Congress, and Senate sources say that a hearing on the bill may be held in late May by Moral Majority-backed Alabama Senator Jeremiah Denton, who along with Roger Jenson (R-Iowa) and Paul Laxalt (R-Nev.) will co-sponsor the measure. One provision of the bill would dramatically affect all gays and gay rights supporters: it denies them all federal funding, including social security benefits. Shockingly, Lambda Legal Defense director Rod Richter rates the chances of overturning such legislation in court as a toss-up, and the prestigious Congressional Research Service assesses the provision's constitutionality as "problematic" rather than a clear issue. To date, the U.S. Supreme Court has not ruled on any key gay issue, and some observers predict that the current court could easily hold that the government has an interest in discriminating against homosexuals.

It also is likely that something will be heard from the U.S. Supreme Court before the June Task Force meeting. Three cases involving gay rights are being appealed to the Supreme Court, including the New York State sodomy statute, the military's anti-gay ban, and a lesbian child custody case. If it accepts any one of these cases, the court may have a

nasty surprise for those who already have given up on any other route.

The recent Supreme Court ruling approving Utah's abortion law also gives the green light to a Christian Voice strategy against gays. Under the Utah law, states can require that parents must be notified if their child, living at home, is to have an abortion. The Christian Voice proposal also centers on parental notification and consent: it would deny federal funds to any school district that hires homosexuals without obtaining written consent from parents that their child may be taught by a homosexual. Gary Jarmin, their lobbyist, thinks he has a winner.

A number of things point to the conclusion that, while these issues will be challenging, they are not inherently going to be defeats. Consider, for example, a development that took place recently in Arkansas.

Arkansas took a sharp turn toward the right in the last election, but the state has never been sympathetic to gays. The state legislature repealed the sodomy law three years ago and then reinstated it for homosexuals. This month the Arkansas legislature passed a law requiring that creationism be taught alongside evolution in state schools. That same week, a measure was introduced to kill a course on understanding homosexuality, being taught free, at the University of Arkansas' Little Rock campus. It was reported for a quick floor vote after passing muster in committee, 12 to 3.

Once on the floor, however, legislator Irma Hunter Brown took exception to the bill and rose to tell members that "gays also have rights." She also told them that, for all they knew, the legislator in the next seat might be gay. Later she had to apologize for that remark, but more importantly, she pledged to filibuster until the anti-gay bill was defeated. The legislature bent to her wishes.

Brown's sympathies, it turns out, were warmed after Little Rock gays volunteered in her campaign, working as poll watchers on election day, and delivering a victory. When it counted, she remembered that they had counted.

In Los Angeles, where gays are perhaps the best organized—and certainly are the best financed—of those in any city, the annual fundraising dinner was held. Enough members of the state assembly were present to prompt jokes about whether it was a dinner or a session, and politicians spent the evening gladdening gays in front of the cameras.

Here in New York City, gays once again have introduced a gay rights bill in the city council. The action, subject first to a hot debate, basically comes as a commitment to once again move forward to raise the issue. Given the often indif-

ferent enforcement of anti-discrimination laws, it is understandable that gays feel the victory comes in the public debate, making the final vote symbolic.

Two other events will also take place shortly in this city. A Dutch man will seek to enter the United States after being identified as a homosexual. His entry at Kennedy airport has the support of his government and will be covered by Dutch television.

Closely following that, New York City Human Rights Commissioner David Rothenberg will hold a press conference at City Hall that will challenge homophobia and the unwillingness of media, government, and religious leaders to challenge it.

These steps are not a coordinated strategy of the gay movement; they are the alarms of internal clocks of a host of gay people going off simultaneously. As such, they give a vitality and heartiness to gay people even while they take on the job of challenging anti-gay forces.

The National Gay Task Force once made its reputation with just such actions. It is inevitable that as institutions grow and mature, they develop programs that can't be dropped for the more sparkly attractions that come along. It is admittedly difficult to mesh those daily responsibilities with the need—at least as it's being expressed by gay leaders now—to stand out and present a firm line. The charges, however, are not that there have been a few regrettable swings into institution-tending, but that the thrust is all in that direction.

Given Brydon's and Valeska's own backgrounds, this has come as a surprise to some. Brydon received the lion's share of the credit for organizing the one successful city effort that beat back fundamentalists when they tried to repeal a gay rights ordinance. It was unquestionably an outstanding achievement, and it was one that gave gays across the country a great deal of encouragement. Valeska's work has been largely in the feminist community, and she has been a candid voice about the needs of feminists to understand gay male perspectives just as she has encouraged more attention to feminist issues.

But a year and a half into their tenure as co-directors, they are finding the terrain shifting, and it remains unclear how this will be resolved. Neither was ready to make a statement at press time, but Valeska said one is being prepared.

More than any single accusation of inadequacy, what Brydon and Valeska are facing is a new assertiveness in the gay community towards its own leaders, the creation of a process that includes accountability.

Some gay leaders, such as the National Convention Project's Tom Bastow

and New Yorker David Rothenberg, consider the current debate a deplorable example of gays, in effect, turning on their own community because they are unable to address the larger issues that face all gay people. To be sure, this criticism is not directed specifically at any of the individuals or groups that are involved at this time. If that criticism is true, it would in fact spell an end to gay leadership, rather than the beginning of a new way of dealing with it that one hears from the critics.


The lack of accountability for gay leaders may well have cost the movement more than any of its internal fights. It has been possible, at least until very recently, for anyone with letterhead and a mimeograph machine to claim to be a leader and get an audience.

Florida gay gadfly Bob Kunst, for example, came close to undoing all the work that gay Democratic clubs around the country had put in when the Democratic Convention was held. Advance publicity that gays would seek to nominate one of their members as vice president in order to gain attention was used by Kunst to further his own ambitions. He and several supporters stood outside hotels and convention sites and signed up hundreds of delegates in support of Kunst's candidacy, when Kunst was not even a member of the gay caucus. When it appeared that Kunst had the signatures the caucus needed to put it over the top in the petition drive, but that Kunst himself would be unable to succeed, he tried to bargain into late-night hours for his own inclusion. That approach was rejected by the leaders there, and eventually they got the signatures on their own, but not before damage was done.

During the presidential campaigns, John Anderson's office would call gays they knew to see if various self-promoters in fact had the support of the community. Often they were all too well-known in the gay community for the lack of support they had, and the pitch was an effort to borrow credibility from contacts with non-gay leaders who can't tell who they are talking to.

Certainly the issue of accountability is not one to be used in a dilettante fashion, shucked off at the earliest convenience rather than taken up as part of the maturing process of the community's institutions.

Given the seriousness of the current situation, that would be an unlikely scenario. It is far more likely that what in fact is happening is a reshaping of the landscape, and how that develops will be of importance to everyone involved in gay rights concerns.

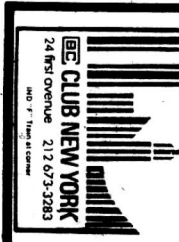


HAIR

228-6808

124 Second Ave. (off St. Marks Pl.)
N.Y.C., N.Y. 10003

Monday through Friday 12 p.m.-8 p.m.
Saturday 11 a.m.-6 p.m.



24th Street
CLUB NEW YORK
Mid-7th Floor (at corner)

WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT THE CLUB

4 till 12 PM

Rooms \$5.00 Lockers \$3.00

with this coupon

Expires April 22
six hour time limit

RUSO/BELL CONNECTION

Vito Russo and Arthur Bell talk on the telephone almost every day. They have been doing this for ten years. This is their conversation from March 18. Verbatim.

Vito: Hi, how are you feeling?
Arthur: Much better. How's your cold?

Vito: No better. I've been sick three days. I wasn't sick all last year and now I've had three colds this winter. And I spent the last ten months in London and never had a sniffle.

Arthur: Are you using Vicks Vapo-Rub?

Vito: You name it and I'm doing it. Maybe I should stop going out at night and taking drugs.

Arthur: Well, darling, that's what it is. You should stay in bed.

Vito: I find it very difficult to stay in bed unless there's action.

Arthur: Speaking of which, how's that charming child who lives across the street from you? Are you still seeing him?

Vito: No. I feel kinda bad but it was a matter of he was much too interested and I haven't got time for that sort of nonsense. Arthur, I'm busy.

Arthur: Well, also your heads weren't in the same place.

Vito: To say the least. There was only one circumstance when our heads were in the same place and that was on a pillow.

Arthur: What you need is some passionate artist—a rat of the first order. Someone who will keep your blood boiling and be mean to you and throw you down the stairs. So that you can make up and keep in touch every few days.

Vito: Yeah. Actually, I'm looking for somebody who's absolutely brilliant but never says a word and lives across town and stays there. Wanna hear the best?

Arthur: Of course.

Vito: Felice Picano was walking on the East Side and he spotted this stunning blond waiting for a light to change. And they both do a double take. So Felice goes over and says, "Excuse me, don't I know you from somewhere?" And the blond says "This is a pickup, right? You're trying to pick me up." So Felice confesses and says, "What's your name? Where are you heading?" And the blond says "Listen, I really thought I knew you for a minute. My name is Robert Redford and I'm going home to my wife."

Arthur: Perfectly marvelous. Oh, isn't it wonderful? At least Redford had the foresight to know exactly what was happening. See, William Atherton wouldn't have done that.

Vito: William Atherton would've climbed a tree.

Arthur: Have you seen the new issue of the *Native*?

Vito: Yeah, today. It looks good. It gets better every week. A lot of people are starting to read it regularly. Jed Mattes called me up and said he doesn't care what we say about him but they spelled his name wrong.

Arthur: I guess that was me.
Vito: No. I checked the copy. It

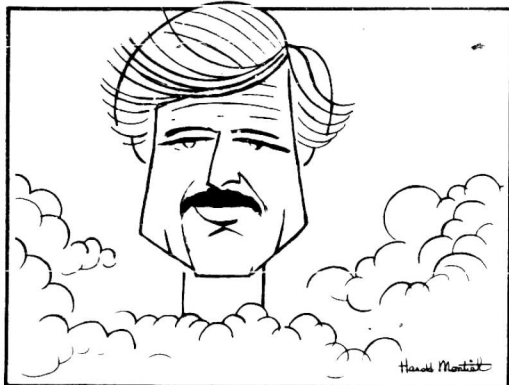


Illustration by: Harold Montell

was them. They'd better shape up. It was altered. Altered states.

Arthur: Wait until William Hurt reads what I did to him next week.

Vito: Oh, no. What now, Arthur?

Arthur: I can't stand him. He's such a marvelous actor and he's such a prick. He's full of abstract theories.

Vito: You mean he's a deep thinker?

Arthur: No! I didn't say that. He's like a college freshman taking a course in philosophy. The best actor and the worst interview in town. Are you seeing anything this week?

Vito: I'm definitely going to Blooms' opening night Thursday.

Arthur: I've been deliberating between that and I've got these tickets for the opening of *Lolita*. Bob Chesley will be at Blooms' so you'll see him if you go opening night.

Vito: Aren't you doing something after *Lolita*?

Arthur: No. There's no party.

Vito: Are you sure, Arthur? I heard through the grapevine... let me see... Oh! I ran into Michael Rock at a party and he said he was seeing you after *Lolita*.

Arthur: Oh, God! I forgot about that. Thanks for reminding me, I've gotta call him.

Vito: What would you do without me?

Arthur: There are nine people in this town.

Vito: And they all move very quickly.

Arthur: I'm interviewing James Caan. Have you seen his movie?

Vito: No, what's it called?

Arthur: Who knows?

Vito: Ask him to choose the extra who plays the part of the postman in this new film of his.

Arthur: It's called *Thieves*.

Vito: Yeah, well I hear that this bit part becomes pretty important for Caan.

Arthur: You know, during the shooting he allegedly beat up his wife. It was all over the papers that he attacked his estranged wife, Connie.

Vito: Connie Caan? Now I've heard everything. God in heaven.

Arthur: You know, I spent a lot of

time with him about five years ago when he was doing *Cinderella Liberty*. I did a big piece on him for *Viva* and he's a very ordinary guy.

Vito: He's from Sunnyside, Queens.

Arthur: Oh, really? He was a counselor at the camp where David Rothenberg... no, I mean David Schneiderman was at 20 years ago.

Vito: Rothenberg? Bite your tongue. I see by the latest issue of the *Native* that he liked *La Cage Aux Folles*... which, of course, is his privilege. There's no accounting for taste.

Arthur: I'm trying very hard not to say anything because I suspect you're taping this.

Vito: Now, Arthur, don't hold back. Maybe I'm not taping.

Arthur: I met this guy in the bar last night who says he's a friend of David Rothenberg and he works in Family Court in Brooklyn.

Vito: Yeah, I hear that's where they keep the families.

Arthur: And this guy started yelling at me because I haven't been down there.

Vito: Down where? Brooklyn? Is he kidding?

Arthur: So I said we have people who do that. That's not my beat.

Vito: I'll say it's not.

Arthur: And then he said, I'm exploitive. I think he was drunk. And I said, "I'm exploitive because I don't go to Brooklyn to cover whatever the hell it is that you're doing?" I told him that he was exploitive because he's not interviewing Jack Nicholson. And he got really mad and started screaming and I ran out of the bar.

Vito: Stay out of that place, Arthur. They'll get you.

Arthur: But it's in my neighborhood and I hardly ever do go in there. I thought he was gonna hit me.

Vito: I'm telling you, Arthur, one of these days we're gonna find just your shoes and an axe, nothing else. It'll be the mystery of First Avenue.

Arthur: I'm walking home, looking over both shoulders to see if this fuck is following me. And he's a lawyer!

Vito: Lawyers are the worst.

Arthur: Not only that, but I bought him a drink. Well, I think he was mad because I was pumping him about someone.

Vito: Oh, see. Now it comes out.

Arthur: Well, I mean, you get into a conversation with somebody in a bar and you wanna know things, right?

Vito: Of course, dear. Listen, are you seeing this screening of *Atlantic City*, this Susan Sarandon film?

Arthur: I guess. I'm dying to see it. When are you going?

Vito: Friday. I went to the self-defense class at Greenwich House last night. It was great.

Arthur: What's so great?

Vito: Well, they have determined that most attacks against gays are with weapons, not hand-to-hand and they teach you how to defend yourself if someone comes at you with a bat or a knife, how to move, how to avoid real injury... it was really very, very good.

Arthur: Yeah, I sat through a demonstration of that at the Chelsea Gay Association press conference and I got very interested in it, too.

Vito: I'm so proud of Chelsea Gays. I have the best neighborhood gay group in my area. I think I'm going to take the class.

Arthur: They should have classes like that in every area in town.

Vito: Yeah, summer is coming.

Arthur: The only thing that concerns me is suppose the people who attack you know as much as you do about self-defense?

Vito: Well, that's not usually the case. The major point is that most of these people don't expect you to fight back. More often than not, if they see that you're ready to put up a fight, they'll take off.

Arthur: Yeah, but there's that one percent who will stick a knife in you.

Vito: Exactly, but you're on the street anyway. Those are the breaks.

Arthur: Did they talk about when to return an attack and when not to?

Vito: Yeah. They always say if you have a chance to escape, you should take it. But if you're cornered, you should know what to do. These are not muggings, these are fag-bashers we're talking about.

Arthur: For my money, this is the most constructive thing that's happening around town now. We could all stand a little knowledge about what to do in a situation like that.

Vito: Don't I know it. My local bars are on the waterfront, and I'm walking down 22nd Street at four in the morning. I want to know what to do.

Arthur: I could have used some training to deal with that lawyer yesterday.

Vito: Yeah, you get attacked by a lot of fans.

Arthur: We should set up places where we could teach jujitsu of the mouth.

Vito: Absolutely. Teaching people how to have a good mouth on their shoulders is very important.

Arthur: We could do that for nothing. We could also have classes on how to be gay. We could set up a school. From 9 to 9:40 we could teach bitchery, then insincerity after recess. Gloria Swanson after lunch.

Vito: This is very serious. Do you know how many gay kids never even heard of Iris Adrian?

Arthur: You know, when I was a kid in high school in Montreal, we had six or seven classes a day—you know, geometry, history... and I used to think, wouldn't it be nice if the first course



Michael Musto and The Must. Photograph by Timothy Greenfield Sanders

Back with the Arms Again

by D. J. Waxman

It's Monday night. The Diana Ross special is just starting on TV. There she is, resplendent in all the gitz that L.A. can offer. I watch her brush by, ignoring the hands of thousands of fans as she sweeps into the arena ("Reach Out and Touch Somebody's Hand" comes later in the set). Next, she's singing "I'm Coming Out." I decide tentatively that she's been enough of a role model for so many that perhaps she's earned some right to our theme.

The funny thing is that I've been hearing a lot of Diana, Mary, and Flo

these days. One old song in particular won't leave my head. It goes, "I'm living in shame/Mama, I miss you-oo-oooh." It's from Diana's tatters-and-rags, late Supremes period. The big difference is in the group performing the song today: Michael Musto and The Must with back-up singers. Panic in Detroit. This new ensemble is reinterpreting the smash soul sound of the Sixties, and the covers will please even those of us who were around then. Michael Musto sings lead, and back-up singers Brant, Mary Kay, and Donna back him up with do-wop, slide steps, and plenty of hands. Michael flings his arms in the air; his skinny boy's frame is almost thin enough to evoke Diana's in the early days. (Remember how bad we used to feel for Mary and Flo when they got so upstaged?)

You can tell right away that something special is going on, just from their clothes. This group dresses. Before you can get over the first shock of recognition and begin to catalog what's different about the sound, the whole group starts to cook. Michael pulls it off by varying

between falsetto and baritone for his leads, and his calls and responses with Brant are the set's highlights for me. My favorite player is blonde and beautiful Rhonda on sax, but everyone is tight. Even in the rough spots, their enthusiasm and sincerity keeps it going. I guess it's the newness of the material for these kids that brings it all across so well. They drive right through some of Motown's greatest, from "Sugar Pie, Honey Bunch" and "You Really Got a Hold on Me" to their climactic version of "Ready for Love," and I found myself just singing and foot-tapping along.

I talked to members of the group at a rehearsal before a performance at the Electric Circus. Everyone said they started playing just because Michael asked them to. "It was Mickey Rooney in Andy Hardy movies: 'Hey kids, let's start a band.'" Musto further explained that the idea began with his friend Courteney, who was often treated to Michael's performances at home in front of the mirror.

Waxman: What kind of audience have you got? You've played in every kind of club from the Mudd to the Electric Circus. That's a pretty big crossover in musical tastes.

Michael: It's criss-cross music. Brant: Yeah, it should be pretty good. He just won a Grammy.

Michael: Really, tonight should tell us more about our true audience—whether we're just a New York sendup, or on our way to Vegas.

Waxman: How do you think the club kids of today respond to your show?

Michael: Most of our audience was raised on rock and roll. I don't think they know if they like it. Here in New York the big groups now are into performance, like Strage Party and Shox Lumania, and we're kind of like them.

Brant: But we're melodic—they're into atonal music. Besides, they can only play in one or two clubs. We're more of a revue than a rock group. We like to act out the songs a little, tongue-in-cheek, so we can play cabarets.

Waxman: What do you think about the themes of these old songs in the context of the Eighties?

Michael: They're depressing, kind of like soap operas. They're horrible and

sad stories. I don't know, I just like them.

Brant: I think they're just what we need now. Motown was known as the Sound of Young America.

Waxman: What brought you to soul music? Disco, punk, and new-wave music seem to be all that's around these days.

Rhonda: For me, whatever other music I got into, I always came back to the funk.

Brant: We had to give up our Mary Wells song, "You Beat Me to the Punch," because it was too punk and we were afraid the audience would get violent.

Waxman: How far are you going with all of it? Do you have any goals?

Michael: Well, we aren't really pros, we're in it for the fun. We don't always want to be a cover band. Brant is writing us some new songs, but they fit in because they sound just like the old stuff.

Waxman: Didn't I just hear you're bearing a "rap" song? That's pretty different.

Michael: Yeah, but it's not really rap, it's the first "art rap" song. The thing about it is that it's T.S. Eliot.

We didn't have much time to talk, the sound check was only an hour or two away and equipment still had to be moved. I looked forward to the show, but I was a little apprehensive about how the Circus's bridge-and-tunnel crowd would take to all the carrying on.

There wasn't a big crowd later that night in the small, downstairs cabaret room. A lack of signs or dance-floor announcements made it seem like the show was being kept secret. But The Must had won over the audience there from the start.

Like their previous performance at s.n.a.f.u., their show affected me on two levels. The material is familiar, fun, and genuinely well done. There isn't supposed to be any great message, but I sure did get a thrill from Michael and Brant's falsetto calls that end the show in "Ready for Love." It's about time someone took something back from Diana.

The group will be appearing in the near future at Bond's and s.n.a.f.u.

674-6753

DR. NANCY COLIN
CHIROPRACTOR

339 EAST 10TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10003

WORD OF MOUTH IS FINE

but why wait for one of our clients to reach you?

HERBERT JULI
Insurance Consultant
(212) 895-1266; 260-5384
The Equitable Life Assurance
Society of the U.S.

CHANNEL 22

THE ENERGY BALANCING NETWORK

COUPLE BALANCING = US and/or ME

By The Number

- 1 BODY
- 2 HEART
- 3 MIND
- 4 PERCEPTIONS
- 5 EXPANSION

BALANCE

The understanding & integration of BIO and META "Physical" systems for optimal Health and Happiness levels.

Five two-hour sessions

\$110.

CALL (212) 929-6080

Gay in Poland: Lovers' Solidarity

PART I

by Stefanowski

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Food shortages in Poland today are reported to be as serious as they were after World War II. Strikers are beaten, politicians purged, and the Soviets practice their military gymnastics on the doorstep of Poland's Baltic Coast. The people are once again desperate for a way out.

During extensive travels in Poland two years ago, Stefanowski met a Polish man with whom he began a relationship. Stefanowski has since been trying to bring the man into this country.

"Stefanowski" is the pseudonym of a freelance writer who lives in New York City. His name and all the other names in this piece have been changed due to the political vulnerability of those involved. The author wishes to dedicate this piece to the many people—Poles, workers, gypsies, Jews, and countless others—who have died in that brutalized land.

The train stopped in the East Berlin Bahnhof. The maneuvers, the stamps, the Marlene Dietrich movies began. Every day is Halloween. I wrote in my journal, "Flashlights move down the tracks looking for babies that hang from the train's belly. A tunnel plunges us into total darkness. And I must sit. And hang on, perched like a bird, eyes wide like an owl, except I am blind. It is the most desolate, alone moment in my life." But there I was, with the German Shepherds, the rifles, visions of World War II hovered around every corner, still a glimmer in Hitler's eyes.

I was on my second trip to Poland and could not quite believe that within six hours I would be in beloved Warsaw—the Paris of the East, as it was called before the War. When I was first there in 1976, I was 21 years old and on my first trip to Europe. A pilgrimage to my fam-

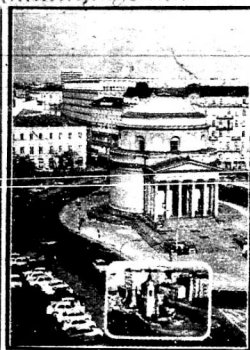
good. But the streets were clean! Everyone had a job and made relatively the same wage. The arts were almost totally state-funded, allowing for real experimentation in the theater. I was walking to the tune of Chopin and did not have room for much pain.

Poland has not changed much since 1976. Warsaw still has her beautiful Baroque buildings, a testament to the human ability to survive unimaginable horrors. After seizing the country, Hitler dynamited Poland. When the War was over, the women carried the rubble, along with their babies, clearing the way for reconstruction according to original designs. Scars are everywhere in every city. One can feel the presence of those bombs.

You can also feel the presence of Big Brother—and not only feel him, but see him march down the street. It is a safe feeling—too safe—and it scared me. From the beginning of my stay I realized that this was not going to be the visit I had had before. Chopin was failing me.

The gay spots were not hard to find. Things do not change with seasons as they do in New York. It was easy to remember what was available: a toilet near a famous church, two fluorescent-lit coffee bars serviced by fat, middle-aged women, and a very small bar connected to a restaurant in a hotel. Like most everything else, these places are state-owned. Mum's the word. There is no disco music, no kissing, no back room. (From appearances it just seems coincidental that there happen to be no women.) But much sorrow and consciousness is drowned in vodka. Inhibitions are dropped and some very sad displays of homosexual repression occur.

I had been in this bar for a few minutes when two men entered. One of them was a very tall, thin man with black hair and beard. George was his name. My first thought about George was that he was the most beautiful man I had ever seen. It was not a physical



ers, and sweat shirt I was an obvious magnet for attention.

Under ordinary circumstances my own insecurities might have stopped me. A few quick glances from George came my way, but nothing in this setting can be interpreted by New York City standards. Mustering the added stream and self-esteem that being American gave me, I made my way over to them. Everyone wants to meet Americans. George's friend Andrzej (Andrew) said, almost immediately, "Are you from New York?" —not "Are you from America?" but "Are you from New York?" Andrew was a rarity. Not only did he speak beautiful, fluent English, but he had been to New York and loved it. How could he tell—by my clothes? "No. By the way you wear them." George looked on with curiosity and bewilderment. He did not understand a word.

The bar was closing. Midnight. The three of us decided to go off to a restaurant. We then encountered a very common situation, immensely frustrating, but, in the proper frame of mind, very funny. Anyone who has been to Poland knows it: "Nie ma!"—no more. If a place is closing or there is no more milk to spare for coffee or there is a shortage, the answer is always the same: "Nie ma."

After several tries, we finally found a place still serving. When there is a cover charge, as there often is, the Poles insist on paying for that and everything else. You are their guest in their country, and first and foremost comes hospitality. In New York I live like an immigrant; in Poland I live like a king. Never mind that you have traded all of your money on the black market, that you have more money in your pocket than they make in a month, you are still a guest.

Time passes quickly on the other side. One measures the days against deadlines. George and I planned on meeting the next day, but we did not want to leave each other that night. The attraction was enigmatic. In this life there are rare moments of a kind of truth, a truth that is very clear yet very confusing. The present makes absolute sense. There is no before, no after, only an enormous now. I had met something essential in George; he in me. Beyond the externals, we were together, the same. I was a displaced American in search of my blood. Here was my brother. Without word or explanation we seemed to know something about each other that neither of us knew about himself. But I could not go home with George. He lived with his sister and brother-in-law and their children.

Why was he living like this? Simple. There is still not enough housing after a devastating war which has not really

even ended for Poland. There is not enough money for industry to build homes fast enough. One waits seven years for an apartment or even a telephone. I remembered my own yearning for independence. It was instinctive as well as symptomatic of the society and psychology of my upbringing. Didn't they have the same yearnings—not only for their own homes, but for a choice?

The absurdities of Poland were dictating my feelings. Structures and blocks were obstructing my usual impulsiveness. It wasn't my right to be a free adult that was offended, but my need. I found myself with a strong, 33-year-old man who still lived with his family. Polish apartments are like small boats. Living rooms fold out into bedrooms. People are on top of people. There is no privacy. For a gay adult in such a society the repression and secrecy is consummate.

At that moment I first understood the concrete impotency of these people. They may live under Russia's immense communist thumb, but they are still people with needs similar to ours. It is not necessary for them to travel to the West to see the unnaturalness of their situation. The Poles are romantic, passionate people and the system is like a meat cleaver that castrates profound and majestic emotions. Their glory is that they have learned to laugh. Since that night, I sensed an embarrassment, an underlying, perhaps unconscious shame in George. As a man, a person, he was not allowed to fulfill himself to the end of the line. And I felt a guilt and sorrow because I could.

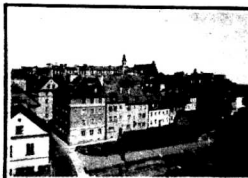
That night, my hotel room was occupied by a sleeping roommate. Besides, no guests are allowed in any room after ten p.m. I suggested we find a hotel, so we said good-night to Andrew. Try to beat the system any way you can, but it will get you every time.

Silence. We were alone and had to work out all communication with what little Polish I could speak. Exhausting, but such limitations can be liberating: the games and defenses that words bring to these situations were missing. It was just us and the night and the bureaucracy. We walked to five hotels and got the same answer at each: "Nie ma." At one, we stopped to call the seven or eight that Warsaw still had to offer. Same answer. One last chance. We walked all the way to the student hotel. It got cold and George gave me his coat. We were both thinking, both feeling, and it was quiet. Something special was happening.

At the student hotel we got a room that sleeps three. At any time during the night a back-packed Bohemian could barge in to claim an iron cot that they call a bed. Fortunately, he did not. So we spent our first night, beautiful, strange, and gray, alone together.

It would be a lie to say that our nationalities had nothing to do with our attraction: they are a part of us, a reality, and, oddly, a perfectly valid, concrete thing to be desired. A desperation is created by barriers and the East-West barrier is a constant reminder of precisely how helpless and frustrated people are. This desperation drew us closer. But

Top of page: Insert shows a Warsaw church before the war and how it appears today. Below: Warsaw's Old Town. Opposite page right: The Palace of Culture, the Soviet's "gift" to Warsaw after the war. (Photo by the author.) Opposite page left: A boulevard in Warsaw. (Photo by the author.)



ily's beginnings and the Polish Theater were my first interests. But these concerns have since made Poland into a home very far away from home. I too left the old country, left experiences, friends, places, and, like my relatives, those I love whom I may never see or hear from again.

Beautiful Poland. In 1976 I was so impressed by its socialism. Soviet dominance was apparent, Polish friends made their comments, and I knew it was not

beauty that I first saw in him, but a presence, an intensity, a sorrow in his eyes that overwhelmed me.

To the Poles, America is the movies. We are all rich, Chicago is overrun by gangsters, and if the streets of New York are not paved with gold, then they are papered with dollars. An American is immediately noticed because he is different, privileged, a pre-revolutionary rarity with an amazingly powerful passport and wallet. In my blue jeans, sneak-

NATIVE GUIDE

Edited by Harold Jay Klein

EVENTS FOR MARCH 30 THROUGH APRIL 12



Robin Tyler at Barnard College



Charles Pierce, the king/queen of impersonation as Bette Davis at Freddy's till April 12.



Eric Schweitzer, a young man on the ascendant, performing March 31 and April 7 at Ted Hook's On Stage.

Credited with helping to pioneer New Women's Humor, comic Robin Tyler will be performing at Barnard College on April 3 at 8. Tickets are \$6 and are available at New York City feminist bookstores as well as at the door beginning at 7:15 the night of the performance.

Tyler was one of the first to attack the male mythology and succeed as a stand-up comic. Among her routines is a skit in which she plays John Cameron Swayze doing a watch commercial after Three Mile Island blows up. "I step over all these dead bodies and I pick up a watch and I say, 'See? This Timex took a lickin' but it still keeps tickin'."

When Charles Pierce played the Grand Finale this past December, someone held up an enlargement of Bette Davis as Mr. Pierce strode through the audience. "Now tell me," he asked, "which of us has held up better?" Without contest, Charles Pierce out does Bette as well as Carol Channing, Mae West, and Talullah. Perhaps one of the funniest *schticks* on stage is his "bitch fight" between Bette and Talullah, playing both roles with perfection.

The Charles Pierce Show will be at Freddy's Restaurant, 308 East 49th Street, Tuesdays through Sundays until April 12. Performances are Tuesday through Thursday at 10:30, Friday and Saturday at 9 and 11, and Sunday at 8:30.

Eric Schweitzer, an engaging and personable contemporary singer who has appeared at most of Manhattan's top night spots including Reno Sweeney, the Grand Finale, and the Copacabana, brings his musical expertise to Ted Hook's On Stage on two Tuesdays, March 31 and April 7 at 8:30 nightly. In addition to contemporary material, Eric also does his own recreation of "Stairway to the Stars" and "Singing in the Rain."

On Stage is located at 349 West 46th Street and reservations may be made by calling 265-3800.

An Experience unlike any other, Bloolips is at the Orpheum Theater, delighting, amusing, and shocking audiences nightly with madcap humor involving government, society, machines, and themselves.

In their newest show, "Lust In Space," this British six-man revue takes the audience from the Bloolips Laundromat to the moon where they encounter the master computer whose sole purpose is to force society into conformity.

The Orpheum Theater is located at Second Avenue and St. Marks Place and shows are Monday through Saturday at 8, Sunday at 7:30, and late shows on Friday and Saturday at 11. This is one experience not to be missed.



Bosy Bette, Naughty Nickers, Gretel Feather, Dina Dan, Lavinia Co-Op, and Precious Pearl, presenting their unique view of life at the Orpheum.

GUIDE

All listings for the Native Guide—including Cabarets, Organizations, Galleries, Events, Theater, Music, Taverns, and erotica—should be sent with artwork to:

NATIVE GUIDE
NEW YORK NATIVE
250 WEST 57TH STREET
SUITE 417
NEW YORK, NY 10107

Theater Broadway

NOW IN PREVIEW
(And at preview prices!)

THE BUDDY SYSTEM: A young man becomes a counselor in the summer camp where he was a boy seven years prior. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker (254-6330). Previews begin 3/27.

COPPERFIELD: In the footsteps of OLIVER, another Dickens classic attempts musical transformation. ANTA, 245 W. 52nd (246-6270). Previews begin 3/23.

THE FATHER: A revival of the Strindberg play starring Ralph Wake and Frances Sternhagen. Circle in the Square, 50th Street west of Broadway (581-0720). Now in previews.

FOOLS: John Rubenstein (having just left CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD) stars in this new Neil Simon play about a turn-of-the-century Russian town cursed with stupidity. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th (246-0220). Previews begin 3/25.

MEETINGS: Modern Trinidad through the eyes of an upper-middle-class couple. Marymount Manhattan, 221 E. 71st (730-0794). Previews begin 3/27.

A REEL AMERICAN HERO: A musical revue of the propaganda films that were mass produced in the '30s and '40s. Preview tickets not available due to a 60 cent ticket promotion offered 3/23 on all pre-opening seats. Rialto, Broadway at 43rd (334-5236). Previews begin 3/25.

WOMAN OF THE YEAR: The long-awaited musical by Stone, Kander, and Ebb, and starring Lauren Bacall. Based on the 1942 film with the same name. Already being touted as the biggest musical to hit Broadway in years. Palace, 1564 Broadway (757-2626). Now in preview.

NOW SHOWING

AMADEUS: The Viennese rivalry between Mozart and his contemporary, Antonio Salieri. Stars Tim Curry of ROCKY HORROR fame. Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th (247-0472).

ANNIE: Orphan Annie's adventures after she got eyes. Alvin, 250 W. 52nd (757-8646).

BARNUM: Jim Dale as P.T. Barnum, complete with mini-circus. St. James, 246 W. 44th (398-0280).

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS: As much fun as straight sex in the missionary position that you have to pay for. 46th St. Theater, 226 W. 46th (246-0246).

CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD: A romance between a deaf woman and her nonhandicapped teacher. Longacre, 220 W. 48th (246-5639).

A CHORUS LINE: An act of love that has to be seen to be appreciated. Schubert, 225 W. 44th (246-5990).

DANCIN': A Bob Fosse ballet. Ambassador, 219 W. 49th (541-6490).

A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD/A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE: Groucho lives... almost. Too much reliance on the few better known Marx Brothers schticks played again and again. Royale, 242 W. 45th (245-6760).

DEATHTRAP: A playwright, a play sent to him by a student, some real thrills, and a few good laughs. Now Broadway's longest running play. Music Box, 239 W. 45th (246-4636).

DIE KLEINE MENTCHALACH: A comedy revue adopted and directed by Ellyahu Goldenberg, and presented in Yiddish with an English translation by the National Theater of Israel. Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd (246-3363).

THE ELEPHANT MAN: A brilliant play enhanced even more now that Bowie's left. Booth, 222 W. 45th (246-5969).

EVITA: The life of Eva Peron. Strong score by Weber and Rice. Their first major effort since SUPERSTAR: Broadway, at Broadway and 53rd (247-3600).

6TH OF JULY: 33 years after TALLEY'S FOLLIES, with Chris Reeve as a gay vietnam vet with fellow former classmates from Berkeley. New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd (921-8552).

42ND STREET: No show written is worth the prices this show has raised its seats to since the critical acclaim it received, but it is now sometimes available at TKTS at half-price and at \$17.50 it's a must. Winter Garden, 1634 Broadway (245-4878).

GEMINI: Is he or isn't he? Only his girlfriend's brother knows for sure. Now Broadway's longest running comedy. Little Theater, 240 W. 43rd (221-6425).

LOLITA: Donald Sutherland stars in this Broadway version of the Nabokov novel. Written by Edward Albee. (When the film version of LOLITA was released, its 16-year-old star was too young to see it!) Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th (245-3430).

LUNCH HOUR: Stars Gilda Radner in a play about two marriages and a lie that grows. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th (246-0390).

MORINGS AT SEVEN: Four eccentric sisters and how they affect each other and their families. Lyceum, 149 W. 45th (582-3897).

OH! CALCUTTA! Not worth the space to review. Edison, 240 W. 47th (757-7164).

PIAF: Edith Piaf's life story that covers a 30-year period. Many have claimed that it doesn't come as close as it claims to telling the real story. Plymouth, 236 W. 45th (730-1760).

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE: The Gilbert and Sullivan opera performed this past summer in Central Park. With Rex Smith and Linda Ronstadt. George Rose is indeed the "very model of a modern Major-General." Uris, 51st west of Broadway (586-6510).

ROSE: Glenda Jackson and Jessica Tandy finally arrive from London with their limited engagement. This play deals with a primary schoolteacher in mid-life crisis. Cort, 138 W. 48th (489-6392).

SOPHISTICATED LADIES: Gregory Hines and Judith Jamison in this musical written by Duke Ellington's son using the music of Duke, who never wrote for Broadway while alive. Lunt/Fontanne, 205 W. 46th (586-5555).

SUGAR BABIES: Ann Miller and her trained hair (at last of thousands). Miller will be leaving on vacation soon. Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st (757-7064).

THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG: A Neil Simon musical that stars John Hammill and Anita Gillette. Imperial, 249 W. 45th (265-4311).

Off Broadway

ALBUM: Four high school students during the 60s. Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. (989-2020).

ANYTHING GOES: And still another revival of the 1930's classic. Equity Library, 310 Riverside Dr. (663-2028).

BAM THEATER COMPANY: Now performing what the critics have called the worst production ever staged of A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM in rep. 30 Lafayette Ave. Brooklyn (636-4123).

BLACK ELK LIVES: The American Indians and the problems they confronted the year of Custer's battle at Little Big Horn. Entermidia, 189 Second Ave. (475-4191).

CHILDE BYRON: A new play by Romulus Linney. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave. (924-7100).

COMING ATTRACTIONS: An exceptionally funny satire with music by Ted Talley. Playwright's Horizon, 416 W. 42nd (564-1235).

A COUPLE WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING: Two suburban housewives whooping it up in the big city. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette (254-5370).

THE FANTASTICKS: Fantastick that it's still running after all these years. Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan (674-3838).

INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE: A revival of the Osborne play. Roundabout Stage I, 333 W. 23rd (242-7800).

MARRY ME A LITTLE: The long-awaited Sondheim musical using songs that never made it to Broadway. Actors Playhouse, 7th Ave. South at Sheridan Square (947-0515).

MARY STUART: A historical essay starring Roberts Maxwell. Public, 425 Lafayette (247-0394).

THE MATINEE KIDS: Reality takes place in movie scenarios for the people in this new musical. BTA Theater, 410 W. 42nd (279-4200).

ONE MOM TIME: A beautiful little musical about backstage life in the black theaters of New Orleans around the turn of the century. Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (475-5120).

REALLY ROSIE: Another kiddie-acted musical in the style of BUGSIE MALONE. American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th (246-3226).

SCRAMBLED FEET: One of Off Broadway's funniest and craziest (or sanest) shows. Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (982-9292).

VERONICA'S ROOM: Ira Levin's thriller. Provincetown Playhouse, 133 MacDougal (777-2571).

WE WON'T PAY! WE WON'T PAY! Buyers revolt in this new comedy. Chelsea Theater Center, 407 W. 43rd (541-8394).

Cabarets

MONDAY, MARCH 30

MARCIA MAGUS (at 8) and MANHATTAN RHYTHM KINGS (at 11) at the Duplex. SHELLEN LUBIN (at 8) at Mickey's.

TUESDAY, MARCH 31

CYNTHIA SINGLETON (at 9) and ANNE HAMPTON CALLAWAY (at 11) at the Duplex.

ERIC SCHWEITZER (at 8:30) at Ted Hook's On Stage.

PIANO MAN, (at 8 and 10:30) featuring the songs of composer Franklin Roosevelt Underwood, continues at Mickey's. Mr. Underwood composed the music for LOVELY LADIES, KIND GENTLEMEN, as well as special material for Lily Tomlin, Cyd Charisse, Carol Burnett, and others. PAT STANLEY (at 8:30) Among her other numbers, Pat reprises her wonderful solo from FIORELLO "I Love A Cop." At Once Upon a Stove.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1

JANE ANDERSON (at 8) and FRAN LANDESMAN and JASON MC AULIFFE (at 11) at the Duplex.

RICK STANLEY and THE LOST TROPICS at s.n.a.f.u.

VALERIE PIACENTI (at 8) and SORROW ASTRA (at 10:30) at Mickey's. CIRO BARBARO sings and cowrote his way through 500 pop songs to contemporary ballads. Also SUSAN WALDMAN who recently toured as Aldonza opposite Richard Kiley in MAN OF LA MANCHA, exuding a brassy sound that's all her own. At Once Upon a Stove.



The campy and outrageous: Ciro Barbaro.

JOHN GABRIEL, romances his audiences with a potpourri of love songs at Les Mouches.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2

NANCY LA MOTT (at 9) and FRAN LANDESMAN and JASON MC AULIFFE (at 11) at the Duplex.

LAZARD and GALEN BLUM at s.n.a.f.u. KEENLY and STEVENS dazzle with relevant wit aimed at all the old sacred cows, and CHRISTIAN CARLSON (at 10:30) at Mickey's.



Two of America's funniest ladies, Kenley and Stevens.

JUDY KRESTON (at 8:30 and 11) sings in the Valentine Room a repertoire that covers music from Gertrude, Kern, Porter, and Paul Williams. Accompanied by a three-piece combo under the direction of David Lahm, At Once Upon a Stove.



Judy Kreston performing in her own unique pop-jazz style.

FRIDAY, APRIL 3

MARION GALLO (at 9) can be described as a singer, songwriter, and general crazed lady. With her bag of characters that include Italian movie stars, ex-sex symbols, and Doris Dinette, the country and western singing sensation, Ms. Gallo sparkles. Also, KAREN MASON with BRIAN LASSER (at 11) singing tunes from Broadway, pop, blues, jazz, and original material by Mr. Lasser. At the Duplex.



Marion Gallo at the Duplex.

TRIBE with JEREMY STEIG and ELLYN HARRIS at s.n.a.f.u.

THE DREAM, (at 8) HIGH HEeled WOMEN (at 10:30) and ANIMAL CRACKERS (at midnight) at Mickey's. '50s and '60s rock and roll are shoe-hopped and kept alive by THE DREAM. On Thursday,



Karen Mason performing through April at the Duplex. Photo by: Skrebnicki.

March 19, **THE HIGH HEELED WOMEN** announced their candidacy for the upcoming mayoral election, saying, "Four heels are better than one" and that "tight feet can run faster." **ANIMAL CRACKERS** have been natives to Baltimore since 1979 and are now making their original comedy ensemble debut in New York.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4

SEMINA DE LAURENTIS (at 9) and **KAREN MASON** with **BRIAN LASSER** (at 11) at the Duplex.

MARSHA MALAMET and **HEAVEN** at s.n.a.f.u.

THE LOOSE CONNECTION (at 8) and their irreverent comedy routines are being held over for the fourth straight month, shocking as well as amusing. **THE MANHATTAN RHYTHM KINGS** (at 10:30 and midnight) were once the group that wowed the passers-by outside Brentano's in the Village when they used to perform as street musicians. Blending Dixieland jazz with pop sounds into an electric melange that's really excellent. At Mickey's.

SUNDAY, APRIL 5

TERI LYNN PAUL (at 10) at the Duplex. **JANE GALVIN-LEWIS** and the **CHELSEA PERCUSSION ENSEMBLE** at s.n.a.f.u.

PERCUSSION ENSEMBLE at s.n.a.f.u.

MONDAY, APRIL 6

BARBI KAVANAUGH (at 8) and **KEITH CHRISTOPHER** (at 10) at the Duplex. **LOU TATTOO**, **DIA PONZIO**, **GREGORY FLEAM**, and **DOROTHEA JOYCE** all performing at s.n.a.f.u.



Lou Tattoo performing at s.n.a.f.u.

SHELLEN LUBIN (at 8) at Mickey's.

TUESDAY, APRIL 7

BELLE JEST (at 8) and **HERB AND POTATO** (at 10) at the Duplex. **FILTHY RICH** and **JOHN ROBLE** at s.n.a.f.u. **ERIC SCHWEITZER** (at 8:30) at Ted Hook's On Stage. **PIANO MAN** (see March 31 for details) at Mickey's. **PAT STANLEY** (at 8:30) at Once Upon a Stove.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8

JANE ANDERSON (at 8) and **MARK KATZ** (at 10) at the Duplex. **HOT WATTS** and **THE BUSINESS** at s.n.a.f.u. **VALERIE PIACENTI** (at 8) and **SORROW ASTRASA** (at 10:30) at Mickey's. **CIRO BARBARO** (at 8:30) at Once Upon a Stove.

THURSDAY, APRIL 9

NANCY LA MOTT (at 8) and **ROCHELLE SELDIN** (at 10) at the Duplex. **MICHAEL HAINES** and **THE RHYTHM METHOD** at s.n.a.f.u. **KENLEY** and **STEVENS** (at 8) and **CHRISTIAN CARLSON** (at 10:30) at Mickey's. **JUDY KRESTON** (at 8:30 and 11) at Once upon a Stove.

FRIDAY, APRIL 10

MARION GALLO (at 9) and **KAREN MASON** with **BRIAN LASSER** (at 11) at the Duplex. **RICK STANLEY**, **ROZ WINTER**, and **THE MUST** at s.n.a.f.u. **THE DREAM** (at 8), **HIGH HEELED WOMEN** (at 10:30), and **ANIMAL CRACKERS** (at midnight) at Mickey's.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11

SEMINA DE LAURENTIS (at 9) and **KAREN MASON** with **BRIAN LASSER** (at 11) at the Duplex. **DOUG MC CORMICK** and **GAMIN** at s.n.a.f.u.

SUNDAY, APRIL 12

TERI LYNN PAUL (at 10) at the Duplex. **JANE GALVIN-LEWIS** and **ARCHIE GRESHAM** at s.n.a.f.u.

While reservations are not always required at these cabarets, it's better to call and make sure that seating is available and that the listings have not changed.

Duplex	255-5438
s.n.a.f.u.	55 Grove Street
	691-3535
	676 Sixth Avenue (at 21st St.)
Greene Street Cafe	925-2415
	101 Greene Street
Mickey's	247-2979
	44 West 44th Street
Once Upon a Stove	683-0044
	325 Third Avenue
Ted Hook's On Stage	265-3800
	318 West 45th Street

Groups

MONDAYS

GAY OVEREATERS ANONYMOUS meets every Monday at Gracie Square Hospital, 420 East 76th Street. Beginners meet at 7 and regular discussion groups follow at 7:30. This group provides a support system for the compulsive overeater.

TUESDAYS

WEST SIDE DISCUSSION GROUP meets every Tuesday at Greenwich House, 27 Barrow Street at the S.E. corner of Seventh Avenue South. Meetings begin at 8:30 and are followed by a social hour. Contribution requested is \$2. See the Events listings for specific programs.

LESBIAN EXERCISE GROUP meets every Tuesday at the Women's Center, 243 W. 20th Street, 7:30 p.m. All women are welcome.

INTEGRITY/NEW YORK meets every Tuesday at the Church of St. Luke in the Fields, Hudson and Grove streets. Because of the recent fire, services may be held in the gymnasium. Service at 7:30 followed by a social program at 8:30.

WEDNESDAYS

DIGNITY, NEW YORK meets every Wednesday at the Catholic Church at 30 W. 16th Street, Catholic Mass at 7:30 followed by a social hour. For more information, call 869-3050.

GAY YOUTH meets every Wednesday and Saturday at the Church of the Good Shepherd, 240 E. 34th Street between 7 and 9 p.m. Call 685-6727 for more information about the Youth Aid and Advocacy Program and see the Urban Affairs section of this issue for more information regarding gay youth.

SATURDAYS

FRONT RUNNERS OF NEW YORK meet every Saturday for a "fun run." See the Events listings for details.

If your organization isn't listed and would like to be, or is having an event that you would like publicized, please write us at:

NATIVE GUIDE
NEW YORK NATIVE
250 WEST 57TH STREET
SUITE 417
NEW YORK, NY 10107

Special Events

MONDAY, MARCH 30

TIM MILLER performing at P.S. 122, First Avenue and Ninth Street, 9 p.m., admission is \$4. Call 473-0546 for tickets and information.

MERCY DROP: Robert Patrick's new musical with music by Rob Fetstein. Playing

through April 5th, \$4 at the New York Theater Ensemble, 62 E. Fourth Street (477-4120).

NICKY'S WEDDING: A staged reading in the Glines' Playwrights and Directors series, written and directed by Peter Napolitano. At the Shandol Theater, 137 W. 22nd Street. Limited seating with free admission, 8 p.m., curtain.

TUESDAY, MARCH 31

GAYS, WHERE WE STAND, 60 DAYS LATER. Lucia Vaseka, co-director of NGTF, analyzes where we stand two months into the Reagan administration. (See Organizations for details.)

IN AN UPSTATE MOTEL: The Negro Ensemble Company presents its fourth play of the season, by Larry Neal. Through the 26th at Theater Four, 424 W. 55th Street. Call the box office at 246-8545 for more information.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MAKING MONEY Lynn Pritchard, Ph.D. and licensed psychologist heads a workshop utilizing sensitivity techniques and dream analysis to identify and overcome money hang-ups and replace them with successful money behavior. At the Gay Women's Alternative, at the Universalist Church, Central Park West at 76th Street, 8 p.m. Contribution requested is \$3. For women only.

ANN ARENSBERG, winner of two O'Henry awards for short fiction and author of **SISTER WOLF**, will give a reading from new unpublished works at Three Lives and Company Ltd., 131 Seventh Avenue S. Readings are free but due to limited space no one will be admitted once the reading has begun.

FRIDAY, APRIL 3

GAY PEOPLE AT COLUMBIA will present their April dance for lesbians and gay men. From 10 to 2 a.m. at Earl Hall on the Columbia campus. Admission is \$2.50 and there will be a cash bar and D.J. For more information, please call 280-5113.

INDRA-NILA As part of the Foundation for the Visual Arts' Interaction Workshop Series, Indra-Nila, a dance company from India, will perform "A Family Portrait of the God of Dance" and other Indian inspirations. Friday and Saturday at 8, Sunday at 4 at the Foundation, 78 Fifth Avenue, fifth floor. Admission is \$5.

ROBIN TYLER, female comic extraordinaire, performs through the sponsorship of the Lesbian Activists at Barnard and the Women's Counseling Project. Barnard is located at 116th Street and Broadway. Tickets are \$6 and will be available the night of the performance. Show starts at 8 p.m.



Robin Tyler performing at Barnard College.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4

FRONT RUNNERS OF N.Y. meet at 72nd Street and Riverside Drive for weekly fun run (1.5 miles). They will run up Riverside Park to 120th Street and back.

SPRING IS IN THE EAR: Readings at The Ear Inn will take place through May. This reading is by two natives of the United Kingdom, Helena Hughes (whose first collection of poems was **KISS MY LIPS**), and Doug Lang (**MAGIC FIRE CHEVROLET**). The Ear Inn is located at 326 Spring Street and all readings start at 2 p.m. sharp.

GUIDE

SUBSCRIBE

to

The

NEW

YORK

NATIVE!

SECOND ANNUAL Lower East Side Conference of Community Organizations will be held all day at St. Stanislaus Church at 107 E. Seventh Street.

SUNDAY, APRIL 5

EAST VILLAGE LESBIAN AND GAY NEIGHBORS Sunday Night Speaker and Series presents Richard and Amy Ashworth of Parents of Lesbians and Gay Men. Meetings are held at 25 St. Marks Place at 8 p.m.

THE STUFF OF DREAMS: A television chronicle of a community producing Shakespeare's **THE TEMPEST**. Presented on Channel 13 at 4 p.m.

MONDAY, APRIL 6

TIM MILLER (See April 30 for details.)

TUESDAY, APRIL 7

QUENTIN CRISP gives his last American presentation before returning to London. (See the Urban Affairs section of this issue for details.)

THURSDAY, APRIL 9

HARVEY PERR, playwright and author of **THE WAR WIDOW**, **ROSEBLOOM**, and **THE ADVENTURES OF JACK & MAX** will read from his new play, **SONGS FROM THE SEA**, at Three Lives and Company Ltd., 131 Seventh Avenue S., at 8.

ESTHER NEWTON, author of **MOTHER CAMP** and **WOMEN/FRIENDS**, discusses "Radcliffe Hall and the emergence of lesbian identity" at the Gay Women's Alternative (see April 2 for details).

FRIDAY, APRIL 10

LINDA REIFF and dancers perform at the Foundation for the Visual Arts Friday and Saturday at 8, Sunday at 12 noon. (See April 3 for details.)

7TH N.Y.S. LESBIAN CONFERENCE begins at SUNY in Old Westbury. (See the Urban Affairs section of this issue for details.)

SATURDAY, APRIL 11

FRONT RUNNERS OF NY fun run at Central Park. Meet at the Tavern on the Green parking lot, 66th Street and Central Park West. The run will be along the jogging trail and will cover between three and five miles. Meet at 10:00 sharp.

SPRING IS IN THE EAR Bob Holman and Hannah Weiner read from unpublished works at the Ear Inn, 326 Spring Street, 2 p.m.

CRIS WILLIAMSON with **JACKIE ROBBINS** perform as part of the Women On Stage program. Tickets are \$7 and \$9 and are available at Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd Street where the duo will be performing at 8 p.m.

GUIDE

Galleries

NOW IN PROGRESS



Ranging from the beautiful to the bizarre, photographs by Kevin Higgins through 4/18.

APOCALYPTIC WOMEN AND OTHERS: Photography by Kevin Higgins. These models range from the beautiful to the bizarre. At the Don Stone Contemporary Arts, West 86th Street by appointment only. Through the 18th. Call 877-2433 for more information.



"Elizabeth, Sarah, and Rosie," by Steer Ockenga.

PORFIRIO DI DONNA: Works by Lee Sherry at the Schmidt, Inc., 489 Broome St. Hours are Tuesday through Saturday, 12 to 6. Through the 15th.

BETWEEN PAINTING AND SCULPTURE: An exploration of the interface of painting



"The Twins," an original "polaroid" by Larry Pett. (© Pett '81)

and sculpture with works by 14 artists at the Pam Adler Gallery, 37 W. 57th Street. Hours are Tuesday through Saturday, 10 to 5:30, and by appointment. Through the 26th.

COLLABORATIVE WORKS: Color photographs by Starr Ockenga and wood sculpture by John Ockenga, on display at the Robert Samuel Gallery, 795 Broadway. Through the 11th. Call: 477-3839 for hours.

MARCH 31

POLAROIDS: This exhibit is a collection of photos taken by Larry Pett with an SX/70 polaroid, photographed in black and white and enlarged, and finally hand-tinted with oils. At the Leslie-Lohman Gallery through the 31st, 485 Broome Street. Hours are Tuesday through Saturday, 1 to 5.

Taverns

Obviously, this list can't include bars that we don't know about. If your bar is not listed, please drop us a line and let us know a little about it. My thanks to Neil Dick for the new additions. Also, if you find that a bar has changed since we reviewed it (and let's face it, we can't go to each bar every issue!), write us at:

NEW YORK NATIVE

Taverna
250 West 57th Street
Suite 417
New York, N.Y. 10107

GREENWICH VILLAGE

ANVIL: Now a private club, membership is not that hard to come by with a friend. With both dancing and a drag show, its real attraction is the tour through the catacombs beneath the dance floor. A.Y.O.R. Bring knee pads and a poncho. 500 West 14th Street at 11th Avenue.

BADLANDS: Some western and an ample S-M rack. Offers regular live entertainment with a country-western band every Sunday afternoon and Wednesday evening. 388 West Street on the corner of Christopher Street.

THE BAR: It used to be a neighborhood gay bar but now has clientele from every part of the city. Patrons include many East Village theater people and musicians, new waves, young and old alike, authors (including several well known writers): A friendly atmosphere. Lesbians are also welcome. Fourth Street and Second Avenue.

BARBARY COAST: A real throwback to San Francisco's Castro Street, and not off the beaten path. 87 Seventh Avenue at 14th Street.

BOOTS AND SADDLES: Strong western ambience. Many of the clientele are into leather or other kinds of distinctive regalia. 76 Christopher St. near Seventh Avenue South.

CRISCO DISCO: An after-hours (and before-hours) disco that has lines over a block long to get in as the sun rises over the city. If you don't mind being frisked (I found it a thrill), the wait is well worth it. A set of dance floors on two levels, a DJ sitting atop a giant can of Crisco, pinball arcade, coat check, and the youngest bartenders in the city. Drinks and cover are both reasonable and it's big enough to handle the huge crowd that frequents it. At 15th Street and Ninth Avenue.

DUCHESSE: A ladies only bar that proves they can be just as raunchy as the men. Nothing but raves from the women asked. Disco, reasonable prices, and loads of fun. 70 Grove Street.

DUPLEX: One of the few classy cabarets left in town, expensive and expensive. Disco, reasonable rates, and a young crowd. Excellent shows on most occasions. 55 Grove Street.

EAGLE'S NEST: Packed almost every night with a young crowd. Very popular at the moment and serving the best burger for the money in town at all hours. 21st Street at 11th Avenue.

CROSS WORLD (formerly THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIOS): Another private club in the style of the ANVIL but with less danger, enough light to see what's happen-

ing, films, and a wide variety of possibilities. 733 Greenwich at Perry.

JULIUS: This is the West Village bar where the bartenders hang out when they're out for an evening. Very friendly crowd. On Waverly and West Tenth.

KELLER'S: Some western, some S-M, some of everything. Best on Sundays. 384 West Street.

THE LOADING ZONE: While it doesn't yet have a large following (it opened February 20), this "back room" bar has unlimited possibilities once the word spreads. Rooms designed to provide a high level of intimacy while providing complete anonymity. It is a private club but membership is readily available. At 78 Christopher Street, just off Seventh.

MARIE'S CRISIS: Another spot where the bartenders hang out after they get off a heavy shift. A piano player goes through every song ever written as the group sings along. Done in art deco and slightly on the uncomfortable side. 59 Grove Street off Seventh.

MINESHAFT: It's hard to describe a floor of bathtub and what goes on in, around, and above them, but not a place for the weak at heart or for those who like to stay dry. 835 Washington Street.

NINTH CIRCLE: This bar has a lot going for it. A patio provides a cool place in the summer, with candlelit tables and water service (Aunt Grace and Sister Jim). During the day it's a neighborhood bar attracting writers, Broadway treasures, businessmen, poets, all served by Jimmy, the best bartender in town. An additional bar downstairs opens at night, pinball, pool table. Really begins to fill up at 11, and none of the urgency that occurs during the night, and only barely at last call. 139 West Tenth, between Greenwich and Waverly.

PETER RABBIT: A bar/disco that spills out onto the streets on nice evenings. One of the better spots on the West Side after a walk along the promenade. 305 West Tenth, just off Christopher.

THE RAMIRO: Light to medium S-M with a decent, respectable leather crowd. Hot crowd on the weekends. "Really moves." No one under 21 permitted. West Street off West Tenth.

THE SAINT: The clone look is in! Thousands of men, shirts off, sliding on their sweat as it drips to the floor. Wonderful backroom. 105 Second Avenue (off Sixth Street).

TRILOGY: Serves very good food in addition to well-made drinks. An attractive place as well as attractive clientele and bartenders. 135 Christopher near Hudson.

TY'S: The most popular bar along Christopher Street, and understandably so. The easiest bar to "fit into" regardless of your "drag." Western, leather, jock all fit right in. 114 Christopher near Bedford.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S DOWNTOWN: (Formerly CHEZ STADIUM) Spacious, commodious bar with huge television lounge, pleasant showing closed circuit and recorded concerts, comedy, and entertainment. The general crowd is young and sophisticated. Perfect for an after-work drink. Dinner served too. 54-58 Greenwich Ave. off W 11th St.

UNCLE PAUL'S: This bar changes more often in its policies than it changes its bulletin board (one of the most comprehensive chronicles of gay history not having been changed in many years). Paul has just been changed in many ways. A big sign in front declaring the establishment off-limits to anyone under age. At Eight Christopher, right off Gay Street.

MIDTOWN

BETTER DAYS: Located on West 49th Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, 316 West 49th Street. Young crowd.

DAKOTA: A western bar that has been catching on in the past few months because of live country and rockabilly music on the weekends. A throwback to (and improvement on) the piano bar concept. On Second Avenue and 36th Street.

ICE PALACE: Lights, mirrors, sound, waiters, neon, all above-average. A voice crowd, sometimes mixed, is as much fun to watch as they are to join. Dress is fairly classy. Don't show up too early. 57 West 57th Street.

STIX: Young crowd, mostly interesting. A good disco, especially if you like mirrors. 304 East 39th Street.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH: Shoe horns are available to force yourself in after 10 p.m. If you can make your way to the back, there's a cruise room with a pool table. Eyes meet across the night ball and

try to connect in any of the other rooms. A discaire nightly. Tuesdays are two-for-one. Third Avenue at 75th Street.

UPPER EAST SIDE

CHAPS: THE Uptown East Side cruise bar! A perfect example of what can happen when a bar tries to provide quality to its patrons. 1558 Third Avenue at 87th Street.

HURRAH: A mixed disco with an atmosphere that changes almost nightly. 36 West 62nd Street.

HARRY'S BACK EAST: A spot to go with a friend, lover, or to make a friend or lover. The front section is a comfortable bar with honest lighting and private standing booths. The back features an adequate disco with fairly good lighting for a place that small, good sound with excellent disc-jockeys and a very friendly atmosphere. Early evening finds Broadway dancers warming up. Third Avenue at 80th Street. Saturdays there is a cover that includes your first drink.

UPPER WEST SIDE

BOOT HILL: An uptown T.Y.S., located at 317 Amsterdam Avenue at 75th Street.

CAHOOTS: A beautifully designed bar in front of a restaurant that serves some of the finest meals available for the money in New York. Two-for-one nights, door prizes some evenings, a warm and friendly crowd. The perfect place after touring the Museum of Natural History or before going to LaSalle. 428 Columbus Avenue.

CANDLE II: This is a new establishment on the site of the old HALF-BRED. It's got a ground floor bar and a full-sized downstairs "back room" and is open 4 p.m. to 8 a.m. every day except Monday. 168 Amsterdam Avenue at 68th Street.

THE NICKEL BAR: 127 West 72nd Street between Columbus and Amsterdam. Young crowd.

96 WEST: Lots of dancing in this large, "really nice" spot. Great bartenders. 96th between Columbus and Amsterdam.

WAREHOUSE PIER 51: Located at 324 Amsterdam at 75th Street.

WILDWOOD: Current popular. Columbus Avenue between 74th and 75th streets.

BROOKLYN

DANNY'S of Brooklyn Heights: One of the better hot spots in the borough. A decent disco with dancing and an excellent Sunday brunch. 108 Montague Street.

RHYTHMS: Being the only gay bar at that end of the borough, catering to Borough Park, Bay Ridge, and Bensonhurst, the crowd is diverse and both gay and lesbian (though there are special "Ladies' Nights"). Live bands on occasion of above-average quality, film nights, special features, a packed dance floor with an excellent sound system, and a location that makes it very convenient by train, bus, and car (however, there have been a few recent reports of tire slashings). 6826 New Utrecht Avenue off 68th Street.

SAL'S PLACE: A young crowd frequents this Brooklyn Heights bar and disco. Fair sound but fine dancing. 79 Pineapple Street, right off the promenade.

QUEENS

ARCK LANE: After-hours catering to the late-night homecoming looking for a social spot before heading home. Open from 8 p.m. to 2:30 a.m., men from 4 a.m. on. Located in Richmond Hill, 130-02 Atlantic Avenue.

BETSY ROSS: Jackson Heights and Rego Park are two of the gayest areas in Queens and support more than their fair share of bars. Unfortunately, many of them are below par and this is one of them. Dancing is allowed and meeting people may be easy if the night is right. Noted for its closeness to vesting alley. 73-13 37th Avenue.

BILLY THE KID: This is the new kid in the neighborhood showing excellent progress in making a name for itself. Just a few steps from the IRT 7, E, F, G, and N lines.

TAVERN ON THE TURN: This has got to be the friendliest bar in the borough, if not the city. Semi-private (you must be 21 and around to the side, ring the bell, and be identified to be admitted). During the day the bar is straight but come nine at night and you'll know otherwise. Very convenient to train (E and F to 169th Street) and by car (with plenty of safe parking). At 172-22 Hillside Avenue, Jamaica. Membership cards are available at no charge. Go late!

Solidarity

POLAND Continued from page 16

emotion is dangerous. That barrier will rip people apart without a trace of mercy. I was free and could fly away. He wanted to hold me all the more. He was sad and shackled. I wanted to take him with me and see him smile. We were in a pressure cooker. And we were in love.

In Poland, even lovers do simple things. We spent our days walking in the parks, meeting friends, drinking Turkish Coffee in a "gay" cafe. George was simple, humble, strangely angelic. Kind. We would sneak time at my hotel. Once I came out of the bathroom and found him holding dental floss, trying to push the string back into the dispenser. He thought he had broken it. He did not even know what it was. Even if I could slip him past the front desk before ten p.m., he often had to leave early: trouble at home, questions, prying, interrogation on all fronts. Catholic repression takes over where the socialists stop.

Visas tick like clocks. Things happened quickly. We met with Andrew one day and he explained some news that jolted me. George would have to return to the hospital the next day for some tests. He had had pneumonia the previous year and had been treated improperly. They had discovered more fluid in his lungs. I was filled with anger but could do nothing. Damn them and their rotten facilities, obsolete practices, medical shortages! This would never have happened in the States, I was sure, or at that moment refused to believe otherwise. I was feeling protective, which would fill the helplessness that followed with pain. I could not fight for him, protect him, demand. I too was muted. All I could do was leave him. I might have backed away then, but instead I promised to be at the hospital the next day. Resignation is the road to survival, even for visitors. I was one of them, but there was an all-important difference: I could check out.

Armed with an obscure address for the taxi driver and my friend Mary Jane, I went to that hospital. We arrived in the sections of Warsaw that visitors need not visit. We bought a plant (Americans!). We walked in the door and there was George, in his pajamas, waiting. Big, strong, a little boy. I immediately knew what I had fought against knowing: not only was there no longer a way out for me, but I did not want a way out. We both knew that in this miserable world we had found someone with whom we could be happy, someone to fight for, someone who is "home." The only problem was that we lived on opposite sides of the Iron Curtain.

The hospital was right out of *A Farewell to Arms*. We walked upstairs to his room. George brought in two kids who supposedly spoke English. But there was nothing to translate. It was awkward and I just wanted to be alone with him. We had already established a certain pace and form of communication, but it was intimate and difficult in front of others. Mary Jane understood and went off with these two guys to entertain them with stories of her hometown, Chicago, and to "change dollars."

The rooms were white closets with iron beds and two-inch-thick mattresses. Nuns in white combed the halls. It was filthy, not the sanitized place one expects a hospital to be. Guests used the same toilets as the patients. Urine samples sat in fishbowls on shelves with the patient's name taped to the side. We walked outside to the courtyard.

With Mary Jane's dictionary we made jokes, taught each other words, tried to go a few steps further. Finally, I talked to George about coming to America. He pointed to the word "immigrant." I pointed to the word "free." He said I should come to Poland to live. Again I pointed to the word "free," and we laughed. These are the authentic Polish jokes, the ones they make about themselves.

Touching his hand next to mine, we sat, eternally discreet. I realized there was one thing I could try to give to George: a choice. But I was planting potent seeds. Going to America is the ultimate

is a complicated procedure. An official letter of invitation must be sent to Poland through their embassy in the States. Accompanying this must be an Affidavit of Support providing information about the host's income, which is supposed to prove that your guest will not seek employment. (One lies about financial security.) This is all done for the American embassy in Warsaw as an application for a visa after a passport has been approved. The invitation is taken to the Polish Milicja (police), and a passport is requested. Here was our snag. Passports are denied the mentally disturbed, physically disabled, and homosexuals. We had to be careful. The game was consuming me with paranoia, whether justified or not. Now my life, too, was in "their" hands.

The group that I traveled with was staying in the Russian Communist Youth Hotel. It was a new building, which meant it had bugs. Not just roaches. The rule of thumb is that old

ever heard was from a Polish friend whose theater troupe was performing in Moscow. After a few bottles of vodka, some of them began searching their hotel room for the hidden microphone. Finally they rolled up the carpet and found a large metal plate screwed into the floor. They unscrewed it and heard a resounding crash in the lobby one floor below them. The chandelier was shattered.)

It was not always funny. Whether it was my New York paranoia or Big Brother breathing down my neck, I cannot easily know. George and I had little choice but to spend what private time we had together in this hotel. Shades were kept drawn, music low, and many plots and schemes implemented to sneak him into the room before the ominous ten p.m. One night there was a knock at the witching hour. He had to leave. A night shortly thereafter held a strange surprise. George went home and a few minutes after he left, I went out the door to a friend's room. In the hall only a few feet from my door was a man nonchalantly gazing out the window. In the reflection of the glass, I could see that he was watching me.

They are familiar faces. After about two weeks in Poland, one begins to wonder why all the same people are seen at all the same places. But when we traveled from city to city and noticed that their itinerary matched ours, it became obvious and absurd. It was like a cross between Mel Brooks and Kafka.

I was very much in love. It made perfect sense to me by now that I would travel to this land: a land that saw my family's blood shed, a land where they freed themselves of oppression and yet lost so much spiritual and cultural wealth, a land of exterminated riches. It made perfect sense that I should be compelled to return and find this loving soul who had missed the boat. Together we would rediscover the new world, our new world. It was the payment of an old debt to my ancestors, the continuation of a cycle, the perpetuation of a dream. I was doing it myself, living my own history, and within that history I found not only love, but myself as well.

What did not make perfect sense—what made no sense at all—was the understanding that my fate hinged on the perceptions and actions of the passport officer who might find reason not to issue George's passport, the official who may read our mail, the man standing outside my door. And, if so, what fate would George face? This is the definition of oppression, the subtle existence of slavery, a neat and tidy Pogrom.

Filling with despair, I wanted to leave, and it was nearing departure time. But how could I leave George and begin the process of bringing him to America, filled with a hope so vulnerable to a machine of regulatory power? All I could ask, again and again, was: why do they care? What difference could it make to them? Leave us alone! All I could do was extend my visa, which I did, giving us another week to prepare for the long goodbye.

[To be concluded next issue.]

THE NEW YORK NATIVE/APRIL 6-19, 1981



mate dream, and one that rarely comes true. I measured my feelings of a change of heart against practicality. Here an adult man had lived in an outdoor prison all his life. The idea of freedom is presented to him—the most incredible sensation he could fathom. I was changing someone's life, and the greatness of such a responsibility is enormous. But it filled me with purpose and dedication. We had a goal, a future, a tomorrow. Soon it was all we talked about when George would come to "Nowy Jorka."

Inviting a Pole to the United States

buildings are not wired because it would cost too much to install the necessary equipment. The new buildings are drab cell-block structures that became the style in the Fifties during the Stalinist era, and are heavily criticized for their flagrant ugliness and lack of originality. If a building has any direct association to the Soviets, as this hotel did, one can be most certain that it comes with the works. We had many jokes about this. My friends and I would carry on, sending messages to Moscow, screaming to blow out someone's cardrums in the Kremlin. (One of the funniest stories I

DEEP DISH

A serial by George Whitmore

Episode Nine:

In Which Marcella Takes Off Her Coat

OUR STORY SO FAR: Don't look at us. We're speechless.

"Well, what the hell do you *think* happens when a dyke and a faggot have sex?"

"I—I guess I don't think anything, special," I stammered.

"One of them gets pregnant!" Dido was pacing the living room rug.

Marcella, still wrapped in the concealing bulk of her down coat, sat silent in a rocker next to the window.

"Then again, I don't suppose any of you imagines we have anything down there to start with," said Dido with a sneer, from her great height over me where I sat on the couch. "Trust me, Mr. Boynton, even dykes have the whole shooting match, just like your mummies. Uterus, ovaries, the works." She wheeled again and marched to the windows.

Marcella's and Dido's apartment looked out over a back garden. The tops of trees, bare winter branches, could be seen through the burlap curtains.

"Jesus!" Dido exclaimed to the windows, the world at large. "Fags!"

"You're forgetting," Marcella groaned from her chair, "I had something to do with this."

Dido didn't answer. I shuddered to imagine the scene that had taken place when Marcella'd broken the news.

"I never would have brought Binky into this in the first place," Marcella said softly in her flat Midwestern voice, "if we didn't need help."

Dido snorted, then she sighed.

"But I . . ." I began.

"You will help, won't you, Bink? With Henry Schneiderman?"

Henry. Oh, God, now it was my turn to groan.

"I don't want any of his filthy death money," Dido said from the windows (where she was framed very prettily, looked rather like Delores Del Rio). "Not one red cent. Who else have you dragged into this?" she asked, turning on Marcella.

"No one." Marcella bowed her head. "I wouldn't have told Binky, except we're in such a bind."

Dido marched into the kitchenette and ran water into a kettle.

"I really don't know what I . . ." I began again.

Dido flipped off the tap and slammed the teapot down on the burner. "It's none of *their* fucking business," she spat.

Marcella ignored her. "You can talk to Henry," she urged me. "After all, you said yourself he was 'rolling in dough' now, Henry—Henry Cooper's estate and all."

Dido was either intently watching the pot boil or deciding whether she was going to run me through with a kitchen knife.

"And it is Henry's—Henry Cooper's child, too."

"But I can't talk to Henry Schneiderman, don't you see?" I pleaded. "We aren't even speaking to each other." (To say the least.)

Dido snorted again, an obscure editorial comment.

"I'd only prejudice your case," I tried to explain. "What I don't understand is why—well, why you didn't—uh."

"That was Marcella's choice," said Dido. "Not yours, not mine." (Wow, I thought to myself, that must have been *some* scene.)

"I want it," Marcella said simply. "Her."

Dido smiled. It was Delores-as-Madonna.

"It was never a question for me," Marcella continued, rocking hugely in the chair. "The question now, since Dido lost her job, is how?"

"I'll get another job," Dido said grimly.

"Of course you will," Marcella said loyally. "But in the mean—"

time . . . And I'll have to quit soon. I'm not Tugboat Annie or someone—I can't just drop it in the fields." She turned to me. "We need cold cash, Binky. I don't know. Maybe we could have scraped by on Dido's salary . . ."

"Of course we could have," Dido interjected.

"But I don't want to sacrifice Dido's career for my baby."

"Our baby," Dido put in again.

"I don't want to see you working *two* jobs, one at night and the other during the day, just when you'll be struggling to get the shop off the ground!" Marcella spoke with some heat, for the first time that afternoon. "I've been telling Dido," she said to me, "that getting fired from the garage was really an opportunity, not a loss."

I nodded obediently.

"That now she'll be forced to forge ahead on her own."

"Uh-huh."

"All her life she's wanted to be a cosmetologist," Marcella said. "With her own shop and all. And now she's just getting into it. Friends of ours," she explained, "are going to help and we couldn't dream of—we really couldn't ask for more from them. Besides . . ." Her voice fell. "A few of them didn't exactly take the news well."

"Oh," I said, imagining again.

"It's none of their fucking business, either," growled Dido.

"Well, it's . . ." Marcella faltered. "It's difficult for them. To understand why. How . . ."

"Yes," I said.

"I guess Henry Cooper and I had some—unfinished business," said Marcella from deep in her coat, "from a long time ago . . ."

"You don't have to explain it to *him*, either," Dido said.

"How could I, when I haven't been able to explain it to *you*?"

There was a ~~longish~~ silence, finally terminated by the whistling of the kettle. Dido turned off the gas. Marcella struggled out of the rocking chair and took off her coat. She was big—very big.

"I suppose," she said, eyes downcast, "there was an element of revenge in it. Me and Henry. Dido and I had separated for a while." She glanced at Dido, who remained impassive but (I felt) smoldered. "And there was Henry. Things were not so hot between him and Henry Schneiderman . . ."

I was aware that I was blushing. Henry Schneiderman, of course, had been blabbing at that point to all and sundry that he and I were an item—a fact of which I was myself quite ignorant.

"I think, actually, I seduced Henry Cooper," said Marcella, sitting back heavily in the chair.

Dido turned to the cabinet and began to take out cups and saucers.

"I loved Henry," Marcella sighed. "Deeply. But in a friendly way. After all," she said with a little smile, "we had so much in common, growing up together as we did in Chagrin Falls. I was the editor of the high school yearbook and Henry, of course, was the art director. We were both so out of it as kids. And then last year, when we met up again in New York, it was so—so *chummy*. Like sister and brother . . ."

"Christ," Dido whispered from the kitchen.

"But Henry was planning on running off, or something, with you!" I blurted out. "Stanley told me so!"

"Jesus H. Christ!" said Dido with disgust.

"Stanley's my best friend," I said, feeling as if I had been called upon to defend all male homosexuals *en masse*. "And he only told me what Henry'd told *him* . . ."

"They've probably all discussed us over *brunch*," Dido told Marcella.

"We have not! Stanley and I are the only ones and we never dreamed there'd be a little—a baby in the picture."

"Well there is," Marcella said, sitting with arms crossed over her belly, "and she needs a decent, secure home with her own mother. Mothers."

"This was Marcella's idea," Dido said. "I want to make it clear, I was opposed to this from the very beginning. The money, not the baby."

Marcella smiled—it was a smile tinged with hard-won triumph.

And then Dido smiled, too. I'd only seen her smile, really, once before today, on the beach last summer. The smile projected considerable wattage. I sat, smothered in envy, on the couch, watching the two of them grinning at each other. Maybe Dido threw things. And she had put her fist through the bedroom wall out on the Island. But the two of them obviously had something worth envying.

"Stanley," I said suddenly.

"Stanley?"

"Who the fuck is this Stanley?"

"You remember Stanley, Dido. The one with the wardrobe?"

"Stanley will know what to do," I exclaimed. "We should call Stanley!" I was thinking on my feet: Stanley would talk to Henry Schneiderman for me and Henry Schneiderman would (of course he would, he was from Michigan, after all) come through with the cash. "We'll call Stanley and . . ."

"And?"

"He'll—well, convince Henry of the validity, I guess, of your claim on Henry Cooper's estate, and everything."

(Henry would come through, wouldn't he?)

"There is no quote validity of Marcella's claim unquote or any such bullshit," Dido said, gearing up for a battle again. "Henry Cooper did it and Henry Cooper should take responsibility for it."

"Henry Cooper's dead," said Marcella, not without logic.

"You know what I mean. Look," Dido said to me. "What you've got here are two dykes without a pot to piss in. We haven't had a vacation for five years, not counting that fiasco of a week-end last summer at your little Balmoral on the beach. You guys got all the dough, the fancy clothes, the life-time memberships in the gym. You're living in a dream! It's time you coughed up some of it."

I didn't reveal to Dido that I waited tables for a living. I knew the rejoinder to that . . .

"Do something community-minded, big spender."

"But I can't talk to Henry Schneiderman."

"If you don't," said Marcella, "I will."

"Oh, forget it, honey," said Dido, turning back to the kitchen.

"Henry's probably disced it all away by now."

(Had he?)

"I'll call Stanley," I said, in the voice of a child defending himself from playground taunts. "You'll see. Stanley will know what to do."

I picked up the phone.

(To Be Continued)

the
Blue Fox
RESTAURANT

COCKTAILS • ENTERTAINMENT

929-7183

WHY DO 500
READERS OF THIS PAPER
BRAVE THE HEAT
RAIN AND TRAFFIC
each week to EAT
at the OLD FORGE?

Can it be our Fresh Fish served daily . . .
or maybe our gourmet Specialties . . .
Maybe it's our Prime Ribs, Filet Mignons,
or aged Steaks served for only \$7.95 . . . It
could be our super good-looking waiters . . .
Anyway, it's worth the 10 minute wait.
Luncheons served 7 days a week — \$3.95.

**OLD
FORGE**

EASTSIDES MOST SUCCESSFUL
RESTAURANT

17th St & 3rd Ave
GR3-1767

LE BOY COUT

FRENCH CUISINE
100 1st Ave; 243-2887/Mrs.
Food is served from 6:30 to 3:00 A.M.

The Unicorn Show

SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 11:00 PM
CHANNEL J

CONSENTING ADULTS ONLY

PHILIPPINE GARDEN RESTAURANT

455 Second Ave. (at 20th St.)
685-5855

Friendly atmosphere
Authentic Philippine Cuisine
An major credit cards accepted.

Ask for Jada

OPEN 5 P.M.—MIDNIGHT
• Dinner menus \$4.50-\$8.50
Served daily

McFeely's
VICTORIAN SALOON NYC

23rd Street at 11th Avenue
Reservations 929-4432
Dinner—Sunday Brunch

BOOKS

A Screenplay Trapped in a Novel's Body

The Long Shot
Paul Monette
Avon
324 pages, \$5.95

No Witnesses
Paul Monette
Avon
111 pages, \$5.95

by Felice Picano

One of the most common questions interested readers ask writers—especially those who work in more than one form—is: why does a particular idea become a play and not a novel, a story and not a poem. Many writers, of course, are only interested in one form—novel, or personal essay—and so they seldom face the question. One assumes they receive their ideas more or less clothed appropriately for what they write. Other authors work in several forms, but excel in one to the detriment of the others. Maugham's stories and novels hold up the way his financially successful plays do not. So do Victor Hugo's novels. We read William Carlos Williams, Conrad Aiken, and Randall Jarrell for their poetry, occasionally for their essays, seldom for their novels. Yet it is also true that a writer can accomplish much in several areas—Shakespeare's sonnets, Auden's late essays, and Thomas Hardy's poetry come to mind. Often, a writer will deal with a theme, character, or situation in a story or poem, then more fully realize it in a novel or play. Tennessee Williams's short stories, for instance, are motherlodes of his dramas.

These questions come to mind because of the dual publication by Avon Books in handsome editions of Paul Monette's new novel, *The Long Shot*, and a collection of his poetry, *No Witnesses*. This would be an event in any writer's life, and were the works equally good, an important one. Since that isn't so here, one has to consider why Monette's poetry works and why the novels for the most part don't. Perhaps the answer lies in the subject matter itself.

The Long Shot is the third Monette novel, following the popular *Taking Care of Mrs. Carroll* and the less popular *Gold Diggers*. Monette has staked out his territory in these books—Hollywood,

and the life within that glamorous yet tinselly town—as though it were the only city worth knowing. This gives parts of his books a wonderful sense of place. In *The Long Shot* it is the Hollywood of failures who surround the success stories in the movie industry, balanced with those who have succeeded almost too well in the world's terms. Gregg is a gay Angeleno, a failed scriptwriter, too good for films or simply not rightly connected. Willy nilly, he has been taken over by an unusual (non-sexual) couple, Edna and Sid, in his Deco-style Hollywood building. To-

brings Vivien from her own Bermuda retreat and leads to clues in the Vermont college town where Jasper, his dresser, and business manager went to school before hitting tinseltown. There are suspects, motives, and red herrings.

There, however, all resemblance to a conventional mystery ends. Christie and Emma Lathen fans beware. The remainder of the novel does have a solution—I forget it, it didn't really matter. Instead, *The Long Shot* becomes an updated version of one of those late 1890s Henry James novels, *The Awkward Age* or *The Sacred Fount*, where the characters' mental and verbal lucubrations surpass anything as simple as plot or merely material questions, like serenely gliding ultragaseous balloons. The result in James is often purposely confusing—suggesting this was the theme of those problem-

fountain one returns to again and again.

Monette doesn't utilize a great variety of poetic forms—and the lyric poem, that easily remembered size, is not his forte. Longer poems with distinctive individual voices are his strength. Several poems here are monologues by historical figures: Stanley in Africa, Degas, Noel Coward and Garbo, Thoreau, Edna St. Vincent Millay. Others are less recognizable as figures, but follow what I have come to think of as the '50s-'60s New York school of verse, exemplified by Richard Howard, Howard Moss, John Hollander, and James Merrill before his last epic. Disquisitions with many asides and interruptions, turnings, catchings-up, fold upon inward fold—the civilized contemporary urban voice, never shrill, seldom passionate, always detached, amusing, and amused, if sometimes scared. Monette wields this style with a really fine ear, so that even the rare four-letter words that appear, never feel out of place in his careful webbing. The subtle shiftings from one mood to another, from fact to philosophy, from history to adage seem perfectly suited to Monette. As in this, from "The Practice of Arrows":

... Do not take
coffee at all if you can't compose
your hands. Say it's an ulcer.
Could
you kill, you could appraise the
need
not to. You are accessory
to murder each way you relish
the paralysis of land that lacks
moving targets.

Or this, from "Changing Places":

... A mover hoists
into his idled truck the movables
of some release. Live light, I like
to think,
and live without the mortgage on
time. Oh but
Doctor, I have noted a string of
pain
below my heart, a whole ball of
it, and
when I run away, it worms across
my blood. I wouldn't mention it
except
a small fatigue has lately overcome
the man before me.

Monette's poetry has a kaleidoscopic unexpected richness of imagery and allusion which makes for fascinating reading and rereading. He interweaves names, ideas, objects, and places in and out of his longer poems so they sustain an irregular but strongly pulsed narrative drive. Some of these poems—the marriage proposal of Edmund Wilson to Edna St. Vincent Millay, Coward and Garbo, could be short stories for all their ambience and complexity.

Where Monette's poetry fails is in making the statement he proposes resonate beyond the situation he details. But this is less his fault than it is of most poetry today, in which a strong idea is seldom possible without it seeming unsubtle or rhetorical.

No Witnesses has drawings by David Schorr and is attractively designed and packaged—although at \$5.95 it costs at least a dollar more than most comparably sized poetry books, which is a shame. The cover on *The Long Shot* is terrific. I'm very glad Avon published the poetry. I don't understand why the novel is in print.



Illustration: Marc Lide

"... one has to consider
why Monette's poetry works
and why the novels—for
the most part—don't."

gether, they operate a mail order industry of autographed movie stars' glossy photos that they advertise in fan magazines. No matter that Bogart is dead, the photo is found, autographed, and mailed out. Monette sketches this underside of Los Angeles life so well that one wishes he had remained on the scene, delving, detailing, giving us the real dope of the frowzy Hollywood and Vine environs low-life.

But, as we all know, the allure of Hollywood is the glamour, the money, the fame. And Monette must include that, too. In the form of multimillionaire Vivien Cokes, whose every step is photographed for the cover of *Newsweek*, whose dropped earring sets off fashion tempests at *Vogue*.

Vivien and Gregg and their stories, told in alternating chapters (about which more later), are brought together by the apparent double love suicide of Vivien's gay husband, superstud actor Jasper Cokes, and Gregg's single-night trick. Gregg decides that any number who would inscribe a volume of *Walden* to him can't be suicidal, especially if the death occurred in a hot tub, at Jasper's terrace (the house partly built by Frank Lloyd Wright); he was fired before he completed it, in his private Hollywood canyon. And so the chase is on. It

atic books. In Monette's novel, the result is a Thoreauvian revelation of some unspecified sort for each of the two main characters, as unexplained deaths pile up offstage, and the reader wonders how anybody can possibly fall under the suspicion of these two relentlessly introspective characters. *The Long Shot* is a mystery of a different sort. One finishes the book knowing "who did it" but wondering, like the cartoon character smothered by a ton of marshmallows, "What happened?" Nor does the alternating point of view clarify matters, since both Vivien and Jasper end up speaking and thinking alike, and unlike anyone I ever overheard at Ma Maison.

Could this idea have really been a screenplay before its unfortunate incarceration in novel form? Tighter, far shorter, and with some on-camera action it would work as it doesn't here. After three novels, Monette remains a promising fiction writer who hasn't quite found his way in the form.

As a poet, he is much more comfortable, and *No Witnesses* is a book of poetry that reveals itself fully, if slowly, and only after several readings, thus being what poetry should be: a sort of

New York's finest suburb
PHILADELPHIA
Has the World's finest gay, lesbian, and
feminist bookstore
GIOVANNI'S ROOM
Fiction and Non-fiction in English,
French, German, and Spanish
COME FOR A VISIT

Coming from New York, get off the train at
30th Street Station, take the subway to 13th
or 11th St., and walk five blocks south or
take the trolley down 12th to 12th and Pine
streets. We're on the corner.

Amtrak excursion—\$18.

Upcoming autograph parties:
Charles Silverstein, 4/9, 5:30 to 7
Quentin Crisp, 4/11, 3:30 to 5
Kate Millert, 5/9, time to be announced.
Dennis Cooper & Tim Dlugos, 5/10,
7:30 to 9. A reading.

James Steakley, end of May. A slide show
on the early German gay movement.
Robert K. Martin, 6/7, 7:30 to 9. A
lecture on Walt Whitman.
Barbara Grier, 6/5, time to be announced.
Tony Marotta, date to be announced. A
lecture on the history of the American
gay movement.

SHIVA'S COMING 3/29 to 6/7

At the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The
largest Indian art show of the century.
As us for restaurant recommendations.

There's a Philly cuisine.
SUBSCRIBE TO OUR REVIEWS
AND CATALOGS—\$2.

Spring '81 Black and Third-World women
and Children's Catalog—\$3.75.
Gay Men's Fiction Catalog

in preparation.

Monday-Thursday: 10-9.
Friday & Saturday: 10-10.
Sunday: 2-7.

Giovanni's Room, 345 So. 12th Street
Philadelphia, PA 19107.
(215) 923-2960

Art that Shouldn't Shout— But Does

Collaborative Works
Starr Ockenga, color photographer
John Ockenga, wood sculptor
March 12-April 11
at the Robert Samuel Gallery
795 Broadway

by Adam O'Connor

This show at the Robert Samuel Gallery is the result of the collaboration of brother and sister artists John and Starr Ockenga. In John's words, we have in this effort the "combining [of] the young and ephemeral art of photography and the ancient and timeless art of woodworking." Hereby hangs a tale of great success and considerable failure. The success comes, clearly enough, from the undeniable excellence of both the artists' work, and so too follows the weakness of the collaboration: too much of a good thing.

Starr Ockenga's photographs are proud of their starkness and their honesty. These pale pictures record the bland tones of flesh and the variety of imperfections that attend it. The photographs are by no means candid—they are carefully posed—and in some there is expressed a quietness that approaches the necrotic. The cool, classical look of the poses is sometimes abetted by the frieze-like assembling and connecting of the bodies.

The photographs are in every instance framed by the work of John Ockenga,

a wood sculptor. The frames are not elaborate, but they are enthralling through the sheer care with which they have been produced. Even the names of the materials—avodire, curly maple, kelobra—can suggest the wonderful rareness of the work. A viewer will be given to frequent exclamation over how beautiful wood can be, and what painstaking effort a craftsman's production can display.

The work of each artist is admirable, but the trouble comes with the joining of these two efforts. For all its timelessness, John's work possesses nothing of the classical. His occasional historical allusion (mirrored triptychs) is pleasing, but the frames lack the repose required to successfully accompany his sister's photographs. There is an old saying that one should never notice how well something is framed, and it isn't contradicted by his work. The frames shoot down the pictures they contain. Occasionally intemperance takes control: there is an ungainly coffee table, topped by a cascade of images, locked into a hefty wood frame, to not use the thing would be strange, but to see it covered with coffee cups would be stranger still.

Starr's work, while studied, contains an element of the immediate. The children and adults in their complicated positions make even louder the "click" we imagine as we view the photographs. There is, too, some disappointment when we approach the works and see the fat or the freckles, or merely the quantities of skin that make up the bodies which the photographs record. The size of the pictures and the impressiveness of the frames promise that something great is here to be taken in, but the promise is not fulfilled.

Starr says that portraiture has its roots in the studios of the earliest days of photography and that she has sought to eliminate the trappings, real and imaginary, of that age. Of course, we

suffer a considerable jolt (perhaps she thinks a deserted one) when we come close to works which resemble those of a well-kempt, frock-coated age only to find a bunch of naked folks. The intimacy and unimproved quality of the images are at odds with the grandness, even stuffiness, of their composition and the grand, even stuffy presentation. The photographs are at odds with themselves because they take advantage (to the point of exploitation) of their two-dimensionality while they seek to be unobtrusive in regarding their subjects.

The show has one great success. *Rosie No. 1* is a photograph of a young woman in a simple, even old-fashioned, frame. At present, it sits in the middle of a wooden conference table, an arrangement that accommodates the work's mirrored back. The table's reflection makes the frame seem empty from the verso, adding surprise to the photograph. Rosie's pose is forceful and might alone have tolerated the frame, but another help here is conventional beauty. Conventional beauty, which is acquiring a very bad name, is just what the show needed more of. This woman's beauty, besides defeating the frame and the whole table, grabs our attention. All the importance we expected to find in an art gallery, in a frame, in a photograph carefully posed, taken, developed, and shipped, is there. The subject is unfassailable. Starr Ockenga wanted to show that all ordinary people are beautiful. But how well can this actually be shown? How well can all these ordinary people fare being photographed, framed, and set up in a gallery—and eventually in a stranger's house—to be viewed repeatedly, and at the viewer's leisure? Starr's belief may be that ordinary people are beautiful in some sense other than the conventional, but how is her obligation to them fulfilled by presenting them in a manner that is nothing but conventional?

PUBLISHERS WEEKLY:

"Burroughs' vision is unique, outrageous, and absolutely fascinating."

KEN KESEY:

"Burroughs' best work."

TED MORGAN:

"Visionary."

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD:

"His masterpiece."

SEYMOUR KRIM:

WASHINGTON POST BOOK WORLD:
"Extraordinary."

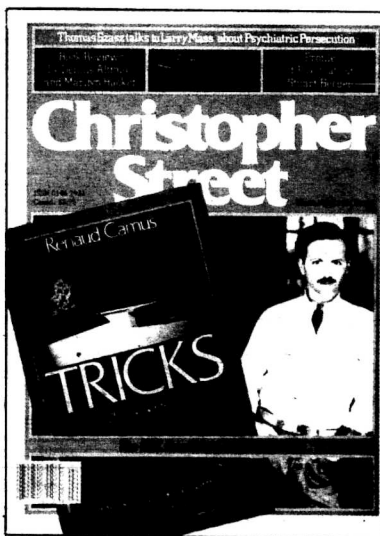
**WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS
CITIES OF
THE RED NIGHT**

\$14.95

Holt, Rinehart & Winston

THE NEW YORK NATIVE/APRIL 6-10, 1981 25

NOW
ON
SALE!



THEATRE

Making Sense of Mercy Drop

by Robert Chesley

Robert Patrick's *Mercy Drop*, now being presented by Patrick's own Fourth "E" Company at the New York Theater Ensemble, is a welter of paradoxes, puns, parodies, spoonerisms, bitter jokes, ironies and, perhaps, ideas. It is a clever show, to be sure, but its cleverness is so convoluted and unremitting that you might be tempted to stop trying to think it through, and relate to it only as flashy nonsense. But it is *not* nonsense, and Patrick will not let you stop thinking for long. On the other hand, neither will he allow you to relax into thinking you have grasped it: as soon as you think you have it down, another possible meaning detonates in your mind. At its best, *Mercy Drop* is like a string of firecrackers.

At first, the confusion is too much. It is a long while before Patrick gives us enough information to relate to what's happening onstage. And, unfortunately, before we can get oriented we must sit through one of the play's weakest scenes—an overlong and seemingly pointless lampoon of consumerism and the American family. It might almost be a high-school revue, except that the audience is too dumbfounded to laugh much.

Yet *Mercy Drop* is worth bearing with. It grows on you as its elements fall into place. About halfway through the first act the audience response begins to pick up, and most of the rest of the show works very well. There are many good laughs, but also several very beautiful little scenes and sharply poignant moments.

The central relationship in the play is homosexual, but I think it is probably a mistake to approach *Mercy Drop* as a "gay play" in the sense that it is making a statement about gay relationships as such, or even about being gay. Instead, *Mercy Drop* is simply Robert Patrick's individual statement about love as such, incidentally using characters who happen to be gay. I admit, however, that one can know this only by knowing other plays by Patrick—the ones that deal with heterosexual relationships, and which have the same bleakly cynical view of "love." Some (perhaps most) audience members may well take the message of *Mercy Drop* to be that gay love relationships are doomed to failure; I think they are wrong, but there is absolutely no way to prove this from the play taken by itself.

Mercy Drop is essentially another of Patrick's acid variations on the theme of love—or, more exactly, on the types of relationships we call "love." Through almost all of Patrick's plays there is an abiding concern with the subject of love, and the subject is always treated with bitterness. "Love" in Patrick's plays is, I think, simple yearning to be loved and

taken care of; the bitterness is the distrust—both of others and the self—which makes being loved impossible.

The basic story which eventually emerges from the confusion and several levels of *Mercy Drop* is about a 30-year-old playwright and a boy half his age who fall in love with each other. The playwright, Marvin, is another of Patrick's semi-self portraits; the boy, Johnny, could be any of the large number of kids who dropped out during the '60s and ended up homeless on the Lower East Side. Enraptured with the boy on their first night together, the playwright swears to do anything for him, "however strange . . . forever and ever." "Make me stop loving you!" the boy replies, equally swept away by romance. What he says is surely no more than a pretty little cliché, indicating a pose of passivity and helplessness; but Marvin takes the cliché seriously and sets about ruining the boy's love. Marvin's scheme to make Johnny stop loving him includes returning the boy to his family, to conventional (and straight) American life, and to a set of values they both see as patently false.

Does this story mean anything? Is it anything more than Patrick twisting a nasty joke out of poor Johnny's cliché? Is there any reason for Marvin to sacrifice the relationship—any higher end achieved (or even just aimed at) to justify the pain he causes for them both? Is the pain of love worse? Or is it all meant to be a test of love which they both fail?

Although Patrick does not spell out a meaning in *Mercy Drop*, he does suggest possible meanings. In the crucial penul-



time scene, when the boy questions whether there could have been "any kind of life for us," Marvin replies:

I think it would have had to be something entirely new and different, something we would have had to pioneer, to create each day against enormous odds, fighting anyone who didn't live for love or want us to live for love—it would have taken courage . . .

This could be taken as the message—even as a call for gay people to create a new society. Or it could be taken as futile wishing, an escape from the responsibilities of establishing a real relationship. And stirring as Marvin's words are, they are undermined by what happens next. Johnny tells Marvin that he wants to go "back"—but it is unclear whether Johnny means back to Marvin or back to his family. Marvin waffles for a moment, and asks Johnny, "Where?" "Back to

my father's business!" Johnny spits out angrily, disappointed in Marvin for not knowing. It is possible that Johnny meant "back" to Marvin, but if this is so, it is Marvin's own lack of courage which causes him to fail the test, despite what he has just said about the need for courage. Marvin cannot allow Johnny to love him because Marvin has too little faith in Johnny's love.

That's the central story and, in my view, the crux of *Mercy Drop*. A lot more happens onstage that makes looking for the message in this play a bit like looking for meaning in a circus. I think that many audience members are not going to have the patience to find meaning in *Mercy Drop*; they will find Patrick's verbal and theatrical pyrotechnics, constant trickiness, and refusal to be pinned down merely frustrating and ultimately insignificant. Others may well find the play intriguing and stimulating, as I do—though I admit that it took me two viewings and one careful rereading of the play to get as far as I have with making any sense of it at all.

Patrick directed the play himself, which means that the production has a "Gee, kids! Let's put on a show!" energy. Indeed, the troupe of twenty is young, and they are mostly talented; they've obviously devoted many, many hours to rehearsing the very complicated and fast-paced show. This eager, glitter-eyed Patrick energy is typified, perhaps, by the fact that Patrick actually started the Saturday night show on opening weekend early, before one-quarter of the audience was seated.

There are two problems with Patrick's directing his own show. The first is that his style of directing seems to be to tell the actor, "Look! It's done *this way!*" Much of the time this can work well in a show like this, for Patrick has a fine sense of farce. At other times, the actors seem to be doing imitations, or (if you've ever seen Robert Patrick in person—and what person who has been around Off Off Broadway hasn't?) imitations of Robert Patrick imitations. There is a real sense in this production that the director would like to play every part himself, and

feels that he could do each part better.

The second problem with Patrick's direction is more serious: he has no sense of the play's and the production's obvious flaws. There are two scenes which need trimming badly—but what playwright ever sees something like that unless s/he's forced to? Moreover, the production looks terribly messy, and the lighting is wretched. It is true that *Mercy Drop* requires an expensive production



to be done properly—a spiffy set representing a television studio, with at least two working television cameras, and so forth. But lack of money need not mean lack of style, and Patrick would do well to find someone with a sense of style for the next Fourth "E" production.

Still, there are quite a few wonderful and lovely things in the production. I especially liked Patrick's incorporation of two young people, Candace Gilles-Brown and John Lipscomb, to sign much of the show for the deaf. In some of the show's most touching and intimate sequences, the signers dance through the action onstage, and their presence is both ghostly and very moving. The other consistently fine aspect of this production is the music by Rob Felstein.

Felstein is also one of several actors who should be noted for good performances. The others are Casey McDonald, Bruce Altman, Tek Borkowski, Zeva Barzell (who gets the evening's biggest and best laugh), Jim Del Priore (as Johnny) and Steve Nelson (as Marvin).

Photographs by Jonathan Silber

Burning the Midnight Ethyl

by Terry Helbing

Ethyl Eichelberger is the *grande dame* of transvestite theater. Without detracting in any way from the intention or achievements of the many other luminaries working in this field—Charles Ludlam, Bloopers, Hot Peaches, et al.—Eichelberger aims for very lofty sights in her performances, attempting to be an almost classical tragedienne, as reflected in the choice of women she has portrayed over the years on the New York circuit: Medea, Nefertiti, Phaedra. Recently, she has been working on a series of new characters that broaden the range of her solo performance repertoire company, and she has been testing audience reaction to them in a series of shows called *Mayhem and Madness* that are the equivalent of out-of-town tryouts.

The past few Saturdays at midnight, Eichelberger has been performing at



Ethyl Eichelberger as Auntie Belle Emma.
Photo by: Peter Hujar

Randy Gilbert's Chelsea loft, which over the past decade has been the site of performances by Hot Peaches, the Trocadero ballet, Jackie Curtis (shopping bags with his logo adorn the loft walls), as well as staged readings of plays like Richard Bruce Goldberger's *Drag Queens from Outer Space*. Advertising for the show is primarily by word of mouth—or by being on a small mailing list—so the performances have taken on a cozy, elite air similar to the opening of a new gay club or the discovery of a wonderful neighborhood restaurant before all the reviews have come out.

Sarah Jenkins-Jacobs opens the show with a song from *Medea*. She has replaced Agostino Machado as Eichelberger's scene partner now that he is working on a show of his own, and here she also functions as narrator and "filler" to

cover Eichelberger's several costume changes. Eichelberger first appears as Auntie Belle Emma, a 19th-century Southern heroine. The character performs an involved mime in which she meets her suitor, is courted by him, and, after he is shot, must comfort him in death. Emma seems still to be in an early gestation period: the sketch suffers from common solo performance problems that Eichelberger has yet to solve. Partly because of the character's silence, she is forced to spend too much time and energy elaborating the narrative of the scene and cannot concentrate on the character embellishment that is her forte.

Her second character, much more successful, is perhaps the most effective of her repertoire. After a quick change behind a screen in a corner of the small stage area, she reappears as Carlota, empress of Mexico. This character is strong, self-willed, determined, and resonating with allusions to other women of theatrical history—Eva Peron, for instance. Carlota implores husband Maximilian to accept the Mexican throne, and Eichelberger's interpretation is so rich and complex that she can elaborate on Eva Peron's ruthless ambition while burlesquing it. In other hands, this dichotomy might become a muddle, but here the tension between the two viewpoints is as sharp as a double-edged sword. Because her wifely proddings are set to music—the ever-present Eichelberger accordion—the declamatory style of the songs and the peculiar timbre of the instrument suggest the music of Kurt Weill; Eichelberger's delivery even compares favorably to Lotte Lenya. Carlota appeals to the Blessed Virgin for assistance, and Eichelberger's sense of the ridiculous takes control as Jenkins-Jacobs portrays the vision wearing a tinsel crown lit by a set of Christmas lights, obviously powered by an extension cord leading offstage left.

After a quick change, Eichelberger returns as Minnie the Maid, her most radical departure from the high-born characters that have made her reputation. Minnie, another "work in progress," is as humble and of-the-people as the other women are elite. Claiming to have been "misrepresented by the Post," but "not wanting to disappoint her audience," she performs a "one minute history of drag," doing two measures of every imaginable impersonated chanteuse "except Judy—she's sacred." It's a brief moment, but another of the classic flashes of genius that make Eichelberger's shows such a treat. It more than makes up for some of the performance's slower spots.

Eichelberger and Jenkins-Jacobs conclude the evening with a duet from *Medea*, carefully avoiding the show's signature piece, "Medea Recommends Revenge." Most of the two dozen or more spectators remain in the loft after the performance, drinking wine and lounging about with groups of friends, or visiting the performers backstage, not so much paying homage as simply wanting to know the pair better.

Eichelberger's sense of style and careful attention to her performance will doubtless prevent her from showing her fledgling characters to a general audience until they're more fully developed. However, Carlota—Eichelberger at her most grand—practically demands to be seen in a full-blown performance. She will be well worth a visit to s.n.a.f.u. in April, her next scheduled public appearance. In the meantime, this or any future midnight series offers a unique opportunity to see the under-skirts of a grand performer's work.

Comic

ROBIN TYLER

"... relevant, outrageous, uproariously funny."

Flo Kennedy

"A contemporary Lenny Bruce."

San Francisco Chronicle

Appearing
FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 8 p.m.

Barnard Hall, Barnard College
116th & Broadway
(7th Ave IRT to 116th St.)

Tickets \$6

Available at Djuna Books,
Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookstore
and at the door

Presented by Lesbian Activists at Barnard
and the Women's Counseling Project.

Proceeds to be donated to The Project.

For further information call 212/865-8592.

BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND!! LIMITED TIME ONLY.

"A blend of bubbling
musical comedy and
stinging sarcasm that
seems just right for
our season of discontent...enough punch
to give the sexual
new right a nervous
breakdown"
THE SOHO NEWS

"It's proof not
only that rhinestones and politics
can live
together, but
that they
must."
VILLAGE
VOICE



ORPHEUM THEATRE

Second Ave. & St. Mark's Pl. (8th St.)
Box Office Opens: 1:00 P.M. (Tues.-Sun.)
(212) 260-8480
Group Sales Info: (212) 260-2625

DANCE

The Post-Modern Faggots

by Barry Laine

It seemed as if the whole audience had come in overcoats—long, dark, second-hand and ill-fitting. Guys were wearing tight, black chinos and skinny, black shoes. Their hair, cut short at the sides, stood up (carelessly or defiantly?) every which way on top. Perhaps I exaggerate... but these overcoated gentlemen did cut a figure quite distinct from the leather of West Street, the bomber jackets of upper Broadway or the Saks reversibles of the East 60s. Yet the crowd was primarily gay.

Bernd persisted. The now-busier soundtrack offered an occasionally distinguishable phrase "I love New York," "I really want to suck his cock"—as Bernd and Miller grappled clumsily. He's trying to apprehend the unruly, I thought, but you can't always get what you want. Yet the two soon achieved a peace of sorts, shipok hands (an evocative gesture that would repeat several times throughout the performance), and shed their coats to reveal matching pajamas underneath.

It was here, with the handshake, that the piece came together for me. This



Live Boys. Photo by Kirk Winslow

by Miller spray-painting his own chest with the word *fag* ("You got skin problems, huh...").

Gayness is important to both Bernd and Miller, important because it is the context for part of their lives. Location is a theme that runs throughout their work. In *Live Boys* we constantly see slides of apartments, doorways, street corners, the local pizza shop and delicatessen. In each performer's solo work this concern holds. Bernd's January solo, *From One Place to Another*, was deemed "a personal landscape"; Miller recently elaborated a piece about the hometown (Whittier, California) that he shares with Richard Nixon. Gayness is also a location—it's where you come from, it's what you live in, it's where people see you. In responding to their gayness, Bernd and Miller aim for, rather than sidestep, their identity. "I do not believe it to be necessarily irrelevant," Bernd wrote for his January program, "to mention my boyfriend, whose gift of love has been a catalyst in making my work more directly a reflection of my own way of looking at things in general."

In this sense, Bernd and Miller are part of a larger trend within dance/performance art these days. The pendulum is swinging back, away from purely formalistic concerns, and returning to the once-dreaded "content." "I don't want technique to be an issue," Bernd told me. "I'm interested in dealing with a form that can accommodate my personal history.... I'm interested in having my sexuality recognized.... Our own lives are all we have."

Miller is a fellow traveler. In November he organized a Gay Men's Performance Festival at P.S. 122, an occasion that also featured some other performers worth noting, including the above-mentioned Jeff McMahon and Ishmael Houston-Jones, and Michael Biello—all three of whom performed together as part of Two Men Dancing at last June's Gay American Arts Festival sponsored by The Glines.

Houston-Jones is beginning to achieve some presence on the dance circuit here in New York, and while he too makes sometime use of slides and dialogue, he is more clearly a "dancer" than a "performance artist." His movements reveal a taut, trained body, muscled and controlled, although a strong background in contact improvisation makes him a win-

ning, spontaneous performer. When dancing with Biello, the two make a more wordily, more hard-edged pair than Bernd and Miller. Their "Cruising" duet in Two Men Dancing's *What We're Made Of* is decidedly erotic. Houston-Jones retained some of this edge (not untempered by sweetness) in a solo program he offered at P.S. 122 in February. He performed excerpts from some ongoing work, including "Relatives—genealogy, and family pre-history; Friction, Friction—love, lust, porn, romance; and Susquehanna—birth, teenage fellatio, and nuclear near-disaster along the banks of that river."

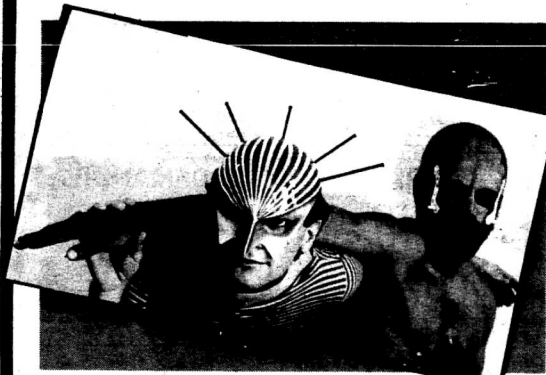
Bernd, Miller, Houston-Jones... all are to some degree creating in a tradition that stretches back to the Judson Dance Theater of the early '60s, and to (still-performing) post-modern artists like Steve Paxton, Trisha Brown, David Gordon and Meredith Monk. But these new performers have also matured in the post-Stonewall era. When they go onstage, their sexuality is not left behind in the dressing room. They are, to borrow a term used tellingly if not altogether seriously by Bernd, "post-modern faggots."

DANCE TIPS

Bill T. Jones and Arnie Zane, partners in life and dance for some ten years, present *Valley Cottage*. Jones is tall, husky and black; Zane is short, compact and white; but each surprises by overturning expectations. At Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th St., April 2-5, (924-0077).

Men Dancing offers an eclectic selection of established modern and post-modern dancers, all males, mostly in solos and duets. Two different programs feature such diverse artists as James Cunningham, Gus Solomons, Jr., Remy Charlip, Andrew deGroat, Don Redlich and Manuel Alum. What's it like to dance as a map today? You ought to get several different answers from this festival. At Riverside Church, 120th Street and Riverside Drive, April 7-12 (864-2929).

Kenneth King is the most cerebrally challenging modern dancer I know, which is not to say that his work isn't theatrical, witty and beautiful. With his company, at P.S. 122, 9th Street and First Avenue, April 9-12 (255-4446).



Men Dancing. Photo by T.M. Moore

The occasion was a late-night performance of *Live Boys*, a collaborative performance piece by John Bernd and Tim Miller that was presented for two weeks earlier this month at P.S. 122 on the Lower East Side. P.S. 122 is a former elementary school recycled as a community center, including a shiny, polyurethane dance floor. The space is sometimes known as "Avant-Garde-Arama," and here Soho meets New Wave as formalistic choreographers like Kenneth King, Charles Moulton and Gary Reigenborn share space with more visceral performers like Bernd and Miller. Ishmael Houston-Jones and Jeff McMahon. Performance artist Charles Dennis and several other dancers, poets and rock bands also inhabit the school from time to time.

Live Boys also featured the ubiquitous overcoats (maybe because the dance space still lacks functioning heat), and the piece began with Miller, curled up "sleeping" on the floor, while Bernd stood still, staring forward with a distant look. Two screens received projected slides: a bedroom, a street scene. Television soundtrack played in the background. Bernd moved over to Miller and tried to literally pick him up, carry him on his back. But Miller proved elusive, intractable even as

was a story of two people, two men, trying to enter each other's lives, each other's art. "This piece is about us," the flyer had promised, "about pizza, about sex, about bialys, about love, about our life in the neighborhood, about the boys." And wonderful scenes—live, on slides, on tape—showed us all that with humor, affection and romance. Both in their early twenties, Bernd and Miller are men-boys: "and he rammed it into me... and then he came in my mouth" is subtext for a morning trip to buy bialys. Slides of the pair entangled naked in bed are background counterpoint to their chaste, pajama-clad antics. They are appealing performers and attractive people, the tale of their courtship (as fact or fiction) is warming.

But this pair has also created a work, a piece of art. *Live Boys* is also "about moving, about talking, about gestures, about images." Bernd and Miller have skillfully crafted together the different media and have achieved a delicate balance between literal narrative and imagistic suggestion. They are clever at dramatic progressions—Miller's monologue about pizza transforms into a reverie of sexual desire and changes in emotional direction. Bernd's funny story about a skin rash is punctuated



FROM TOP LEFT: JULIA DARES, THE DON'TS. PHOTO BY JOHN BERRYHILL

Julia Dares and the Don'ts: Roughing Out the Smooth Edges

"Mommy, Mommy, I want to be a punk rock superstar!!!"

"That's nice, dear, but maybe you should take a few education courses... That way, if it doesn't work out, you can always teach."

by John Berryhill

How does it begin? What makes a sweet young girl from the Lower East Side want to throw away an exciting life as a waitress and become a rock and roll singer? Some people just have to follow their hearts.

I first saw Julia Dares two and a half years ago. She was appearing with the Hot Peaches in their loft on Christopher Street. In the sweltering, airless room, looking like a young, demented Angela Lansbury, Ms. Dares was singing an S-M version of Brenda Lee's "I'm Sorry." It was obvious that she wasn't the least bit sorry.

Well, I caught her new act last week in another loft, this time in the Bowery. She's still not apologizing. The voice is the same: Insistent. Strident. Provocative. And the message is intact with songs like "Anti-Love," "Dirty Pool," "Love is Sick," and "Ego Piggie," but she's not alone anymore.

The Don'ts consist of Joe Longo, another Hot Peaches veteran, on lead guitar; Prudence Sowers on bass, Penny Creech on rhythm, and Kazumi Masuda on drums. They are all very hot visually as well as musically, giving lots of petulant, androgynous attitude. When

queried if the band was any relation to Dicky Doo and the Don'ts (if you are too young to remember them, you are certainly too young to be reading this filthy paper), Julia laughed: "I knew the name sounded familiar."

At the loft performance, Julia and friends were wild, shrieking, and cavorting, alternately attacking and seducing their extremely appreciative audience. I wondered, do such acts actually rehearse? Yes, indeed.

Risking life and limb and loss of my camera, I journeyed into Alphabet Town to attend just such a rehearsal. In the grimy, smoke-filled studio, cluttered with cigarette butts and brandy bottles, were J.D. and the Don'ts. I was struck immediately by their complete professionalism. These are hard workers, creating art as they see it.

Working and reworking each song: roughing out the smooth edges. The night was long and sweaty, but camaraderie was high, and I left feeling that I had witnessed the process from thought

to manifestation.

So-called "new wave" music is uncharted territory. Julia Dares is a statement as well as a name. She and the Don'ts are expanding perimeters, exploring musical space.

Look for Julia Dares and the Don'ts at your local bar or supermarket. They might be anywhere.

Birth of the Bloos

Bloolips is:

- Mary Quant's newest cosmetic creation.
- A condition resulting from giving head to Frosty the Snowman.
- Six lunar English drag queens.
- All of the above.

Note: this is a trick question . . . So grab your latest trick and rush over to the Orpheum Theater to see for yourself the funniest show in town.

Yes, the Bloolips are back in the States with their uproarious show, "Lust in Space." If you are kicking yourself because you missed them the last time they were here, now's your chance to catch them in full flap. The show is All Singing! All Dancing! All Tacky! . . . and just plain good fun. The six men in the cast take the unsuspecting audience on a hilarious, deranged junket from the Bloolips Laundromat in London to outer space and back. The plot is thin and some of the material flags occasionally, but the players are superb throughout. They seem to possess a nearly flawless sense of comic gesture, timing, and expression.

But lest you think that the Bloolips are simply a melange of glitter and bad taste, they offer a valuable message: Eschew conformity. Celebrate your uniqueness. Fully realize both your masculine and feminine natures. They may seem like old territory to veterans of early '70s genderfuck politics, but the message is still valid and needs reiteration now—in the Age of the Super Clone—more than ever.

One is madly tempted to quote some of the pithy rejoinders and cite specifics, but that would spoil it for those who have yet to see the show. Also, to single out individual performances would demean the ensemble; suffice to say, they are all extremely talented. The semen and their show are a delight. They do us the tremendous favor of making us laugh while letting us vicariously realize our fantasies of wearing plastic minidresses and heels and flying to the moon.

"Lust in Space" can be seen Mondays through Saturdays at 8 p.m. Late shows Fridays and Saturdays at 11 p.m. Shows days at 7:30. The Orpheum Theater is located at the corner of Second Avenue and St. Marks Place.

Singing Along with the Boys on Broadway

by David Garrity

Where do you find community these days? The Upper East or West sides? The dock strip? Sounds like schmalz, but real community is made of spirit, and it overflowed at Bond's on March 22 as the New York City Gay Men's Chorus paid tribute to the Great White Way. I remember the singing and the songs, but it was the meeting of audience and chorus that made the evening rare.

This was the first real performance of the chorus that I have been able to attend. I found myself reliving eighth-grade days in the school glee club—South Pacific, madrigals, and breath control—

before I figured out how much the other boys and I had in common. I floated back there and returned again to 1981.

It wouldn't be fair to try to distinguish between the 150 men on the risers and the audience. We were on the stage and we were on the floor, a labor of love both ways. Sweet, angelic harmonies presented melodies from boogie to ballad, and on a few I admit to singing along. As the chorus brought back all our memories of Broadway, I remembered the joy of days at the GAA Firehouse, old Christopher Street parades, or just any moment of three gay strangers smiling at each other.

Many of the tunes become new ex-

periences when they are heard in a context of men with men. Some are a bit obvious, such as "Six Foot Two, Eyes of Blue," but the poignancy of "We Kiss in a Shadow" is only greater with its new accuracy of meaning.

The chorus is striving to prove a professional expertise in its attack of material—it seems to be aiming for a very high level of technical perfection. The blend of four parts shimmers softly although tempo and spontaneity are sometimes compromised. Much of the material in "This Is Broadway" should be bawdier or baltier in performance than the chorus's studied approach allows.

Between intermissions we got the best taste of Broadway. The three-man troupe Just Good Friends brought us Jamaican rhythms and stylish New York cabaret. A new group within the chorus, the Stepping Tones, premiered. Thirty-two-strong, all singing and all dancing, they brought down the house with every synchronous flick of the wrist and turn of phrase. And the most touching song of the night was the duet for voice and signing for the deaf performed by Paul Casey and Bruce Hibok, who brings such grace to his signing that it becomes more a ballet.

FILM

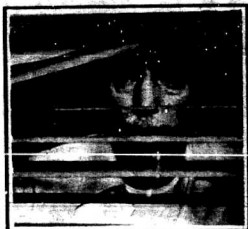
Drugs and Dopes in Atlantic City

by Vito Russo

Louis Malle's *Atlantic City* comes under "serious, touching, yet tough look at American dreams," which European directors are so good at because of their alleged cultural distance from us. But I don't think there's ever much distance. I think we're all fascinated with America's tawdry success story as though everyone was a foreigner and America was a place we all watched on television. *Atlantic City* is a lot of fun, both an idealization and a cruel indictment of a place predicated on dreams yet inhabited by those to whom reality has been less than kind.

Lou (Burt Lancaster) used to run numbers along the boardwalk, but in a city on the verge of a new era in casino gambling, he's a useless shadow. Nobody needs an aging gangster-groupie with no real underworld power when nuns are lined up at the slot machines and Howard Johnson's is running blackjack tables. Lou lives in a condemned apartment building, about to be torn down to make way for yet another spectacular casino. He takes care of Grace (Kate Reid), the widow of his old boss. She

Of course, these unlikely characters all get to meet and fall in love. Except Sarandon's husband, of course. No sooner does he enlist the aid of Lou in selling some heroin than he gets rubbed out by the mob, leaving Lou with something like ten thousand dollars worth of the stuff stashed in a sugar canister. Lou pays for his funeral and begins to court Susan Sarandon. Malle really pulls out the stops on everything here. Lou and Sally have their first real meeting at the hospital. She's racing down the hallway screaming, "I don't want the fucking body!" to a mortician, and in the background, Robert Goulet is dedi-



cating the new Frank Sinatra wing of the hospital with the help of three showgirls in scarlet while confused patients shuffle about in stupors. The movie is filled with these kinds of satiric or eccentric moments, which almost force you to mutter: "Jesus, Americans are so tacky."

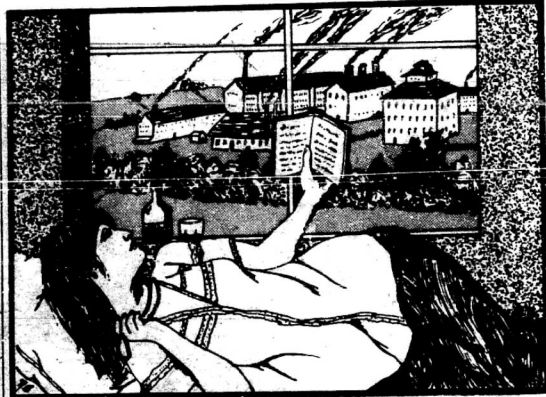
Burt Lancaster is wonderful, and because of his and some of the other performances in the film, it is certainly worth your time. Lancaster has some really lovely moments and plays the kind of a guy who's been a nebbish all his life and for once gets to be the star, running the show. He keeps up a running stream of boasts and memories about the good old days, and eventually you realize he's sort of a crackpot. Walking along the boardwalk, Sarandon's husband tells Lou he's never seen the Atlantic Ocean before. "Oh," says Lou, "you should have seen the Atlantic Ocean in the '40s." Kate Reid is overdone but doesn't really overdo it as Grace. "I always wanted shoes with clear plastic heels," she tells Lou, "with goldfish swimming inside them because you'd have to walk so delicately." Nice crackpots.

Hollis McLaren, who played the schizophrenic friend of Craig Russell in *Outrageous!* here plays an equally spaced-out, pregnant hippie named Chrissie, Sarandon's sister. She gets it together with Grace, who hates her at first but succumbs after a foot rub and a lecture on Krishna. McLaren doesn't mind that her husband deals heroin. "Dope is for everybody," she tells her sister dreamily. And that's the way the movie feels about the American dream. Lou and Sally have a "touching" little intergenerational affair. He proves himself by killing two dope-dealing thugs for her. Chrissie goes home to have her baby, the plane ticket paid for by good old Grace. Lou and Grace sell the last ounce of the stashed heroin together at the end and sail down the boardwalk with a fresh thousand-dollar bill. Sarandon heads for the nearest airport with the rest of the money in a stolen car, hoping to get to Monte Carlo to fulfill her dream. And the punk husband winds up dead, which is fine by everyone because he was such a bastard. America the beautiful.



came to Atlantic City in the '40s to enter a Betty Grable look-alike contest, lost, married a gangster, and made the resort her home. Now she sits in a roccoco bedroom looking like Baby Jane Hudson, screams at Lou and plays with her poodle.

When Lou isn't rubbing Grace's feet or walking her poodle, he's peeping through his blinds at Sally (Susan Sarandon), who lives across the court in the same building. He stares at her while she rubs lemon juice on her breasts and arms. She works at the oyster bar of a casino and is interested in becoming the first woman blackjack dealer in Monte Carlo. Her husband (Robert Joy) is a hateful little dope-selling punk who knocked up her sister and is in the process of ruining her life by stealing her money and dealing drugs with people completely out of his league.



A WOMAN'S WRITE

by Dorothy Allison

I have been thinking about invalids, those ladies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries who took to their couches at sixteen and spent a lifetime with drops of laudanum and day lilies. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, writing her poetry while resting on the settee—such a racket! Sex was out of the question, or at best a martyr's act on rare occasions. Any work at all was a wonder—even reading taxed their strength. Think about spending a lifetime in one or two rooms, sheltered from the necessity, the horror of women's work in those times. Emily Dickinson behind her curtains, the malady was more of the spirit than the flesh.

I think about them, those ladies of terrible privilege, free to spend their lives in needlework and neuralgia; but at the same time free to read, to write, to indulge their "lesser minds." As long as it was not serious, as long as it remained pastime, feminine and passive, another part of the long slow process of death, notes on scraps of paper, napkins, or letters, then it was all right to write things that could be discarded. If gathered up in a notebook or bound for distribution, those ladies had to have an excuse, an explanation.

"I only write to divert myself from fever." "I publish because my friends said I must, because they took away my papers and printed them without my consent." "Papa cares for me, this is certainly not for profit." "All returns from these poems go to the missionary fund, and the greater glory of the Lord."

I have been thinking about invalids because right now I feel like one, because I have a slight fever, an ache in my stomach, and a constant rumble from the effect of too many antibiotics. I don't have time to be sick so I drink coffee and try to ignore it, but every time I put my head back I find myself thinking of laudanum and day lilies, of a month or two spent sleeping late and getting up only to lie on the couch and watch the cat knock over the pile of books I have not yet opened. It is a romantic fantasy, impossible but satisfying and made absolutely perfect by the beloved who brings in the pot of herb tea and sits lovingly at my side to

comfort and strokes my warm skin.

Unfortunately, I have a practical turn of mind—what my anthropology professors call a historical perspective. When I try to imagine my translation to the age of invalids—I do exactly that. I translate myself perfectly in terms of class, attitudes, and sexual preference, and wind up not lying back on the settee but standing behind a loom coughing in tubercular misery. In my family there have been no memoirs, no novels; merely stories passed down from mother to daughter. But I know who we were and what we did. The women of my family have always worked but never recorded; worked as sharecroppers and day-laborers before there were textile mills, and as millhands since the invention of cotton factories.

In the gothic and regional novels of the South, one always reads about the young ladies of the upper classes, whirling their skin with buttermilk or taking the air on the veranda. But the one who stays with me is Emma Slattery in *Gone with the Wind*, her name chosen no doubt for its implication of slatternly whorishness and stupidity. Emma had no settee. Think about poor white trash, poor women in the South. From the novels you'd think they were all prostitutes and washerwomen. In the north there really seems to have been a genteel poor, respectable farm women who died early from repeated childbirth and exhaustion. In the South they were rarely respectable. The presence of the slave system and the glorification of the aristocracy created two peoples despised and destroyed: one black and imprisoned on the plantations, and the other white, eking out a living in the mountain hollows or the swamp fringes. Skin privilege in the South was a game played by the monied classes on their own terms, and the objects of that game produced neither a literature nor an indigenous history. The literature of the upper classes has been taken as history, so much so that even I—who know better, who know very well who I am and what I would have been—take to fever with relief and my bed with day lilies, to fantasies of the invalid literary lady.

"I write this only because I swore I would."

Continued from page 31

"I found that I wanted to have an H experience again. As I see it now, this is because I thought Eli Siegel was taking something away from me. I felt that I had to show that I hadn't lost power."

Harris hit the nail squarely on the head. What Eli Siegel took away from him was not his homosexuality. It was his power—and his ability for critical, independent thinking. By now his ego has been intruded upon to the extent that he has been reduced to a child-like state of unthinking powerlessness. Big Daddy is doing all the thinking.

Harris explains how this is accomplished—how he takes part in his own self-reduction:

"The desire for contempt that is in every person was strong in me. I sadly enough wanted revenge for having to respect something more than I wanted. Fortunately, the desire for contempt is well understood by Siegel. He not only made it possible for me to change from H, he also understood and criticized the resentment I had about changing, so that the change could be complete."

This sense of coercion of feeling made to respect something more than he had wanted to—is, in fact, a common symptom of mind-control victimization. Harris must now convince himself that he has been made "complete" by surrendering into the hands of Siegel. Using the technique of repetition, he fulfills his self-delusion.

"I used to think I was born a homo-

sexual and that it would never change. It has changed. I am no longer a homosexual and I am more myself, the way I was meant to be, truly want to be. I belong in this world and I like being here more than ever. I like the world more, and as I was promised, I also respect myself more. I got what I came for and I am rejoicing."

I must believe, therefore, it must be so.

As with any group of zealots—religious or otherwise—the Aesthetic Realists need an outside enemy against which they can muster and channel the anger caused by the stifling clutch of their own rigid dogma. It is for this reason that the press—which has, until the *Daily News* article, universally ignored them—has been singled out as the oppressor. Hence, the Victims of the Press crusade.

According to Aesthetic Realist doctrine, the press has refused to recognize them and aid in their mission to spread the Word because it is afraid of the "bigness" of Aesthetic Realism. Afraid that it might have something to learn from Eli Siegel. It is plagued with what, in Aesthetic Realism, is called "Terror of Respect."

Not only does each individual Aesthetic Realist "choose" to identify himself every single day by wearing a Victim of the Press button, but they have, en masse, gone so far as to picket institutions such as the *New York Times*, demanding their right "To Be Known."

"The students of Aesthetic Realism understand the terror of respect," says their expose, which is entitled *The Press Boycott of Aesthetic Realism*. "We too have resented our respect for Eli Siegel.

We are ashamed of this resentment, proud to end it, and use our knowledge to stop the greatest cruelty we know... Aesthetic Realism is the God-given right of every human being."

But the God-given right of every human to do what? To slander homosexuals? To picket victimization while turning confused individuals from self-reliance to a robotic subsistence?

Like all cults, Aesthetic Realism reduces the wonder and complexity of the world to a strict polarity of black-or-white reality. By cultivating an individual's sense of negative identity, the program weakens the ego enough to gain admittance and eventual control over a person's mind. Put most succinctly by a woman whose friend had "made the change": "I liked him better when he was gay. At least then he was a person. Now he's just an Aesthetic Realist."

I have saved the most personal and ultimately, the most revealing aspect of this article for the end because I feel—for gay people, anyway—that it is the most important. Despite some advance knowledge of the manipulation process that I subjected myself to, I did not, in fact, go home from the Aesthetic Realists totally unscathed.

After my grueling hour-long session pitted against three "reformed" homosexuals, I found myself walking toward my Christopher Street apartment wondering: Maybe this is true. My mind began to interpret things around me in terms of "contempt" and "respect." I passed a person on the street and thought, "He has contempt." Or overheard a conversation: More contempt. Eventually, the question became

internal: Do I have contempt for women? Am I, in fact, "indifferent" to them because of the way my mother showed me love? Suddenly I found myself quite frightened. Had they managed to persuade me? I wondered. After only an hour—and with everything I knew?

Finally, after a long and thorough conversation with a friend who knows me quite well, I recognized something terrible, yet intriguing in my self-identity. I saw that I did, in fact, have deep contempt inside me. Not for the world. Not for women. But for myself still—for being gay. They had not persuaded me of anything, they had only plugged into a belief that I myself agreed with.

The news was rather shocking—to realize after five long years of working on a positive gay identity that part of me still wanted to be straight. It was doubtless the same part of me that still believed being gay to be naughty.

When I considered my life in relation to the world, though, the revelation became less shocking—when I remembered, for instance, all the years of denial. Of hatred. Of believing I was naughty. Then, my contempt made total sense to me.

Gay people—all of us, I believe—to some extent or another have internalized the values of homophobia. In a fundamental way, this is what I learned through the study of Aesthetic Realism. If we want to "like ourselves" (to borrow a bit from Eli Siegel), our personal liberation must extend beyond the realm of the intellect. It must touch us in the deepest possible emotional way, transcending even time to cleanse the scars of the distant past. Otherwise, we will always be vulnerable, subject to the will of those who would rid us of the way we love.

by Michael Thomas

Rollerena

ROLLERENA, YOU WORK ON WALL STREET! WHAT WOULD BE A GOOD INVESTMENT FOR MY \$10,000?

JUST DROP IT IN ROLLERENA'S HIPPIE BAG!

BUT WHAT WOULD I GET BACK FROM MY INVESTMENT?

A THANK-YOU NOTE!

RHYTHMS



The Ink Spots. Photo by: Bruno

uptown

by Michael Grumley

Out and about, sampling the bill along upper Broadway. At the Richard Allen Center on West 62nd, the voices of young singers are curling around the lyrics of some old favorites in a new musical salute to the Apollo Theater, to

the stars who headlined there over the years—Bessie Smith throwing out her sweetness and woe, Josephine Baker and her *Femme de la Rose* gliding past under big flower hats, Nick Kinney, Sam Cook and Stevie Wonder crooning and bouncing. Their appearances are threaded together by the ghost of Moms Mabley prowling the flats. There is some glorious gospel, and a hot duo named Herbert Lee Rawlings and Eleanor Mills whose circling bodies and

voices at the end of the first act provide the most exciting moments. Lots of promise here; if things go well it will be coming in around June.

At the Symphony the sweet smell of success is nowhere to be whiffed, however. Tasteless and untoward are the bits strung together under the name of LATE CITY EDITION. This is meant to be a celebration of the joys of upper westside life, but there is a nasty leaden quality to the humour, particularly in "Gay Karate," a quick sketch which belabors the old limp-wristed cliché yet again, and a venomous little subway monologue by writer Eve Merriam. Either of these bits ought to entitle ticket-holders to their money back at the intermission, *plus damages*.

Back out on the street, the theatrics of careening winos and Broadway hookers is more entertaining. The nasty taste in one's mouth soon disappears; there are radios blaring from the old Monterey Hotel and out of the pizza stands, derelicts hectoring each other good-naturedly outside the Red Apple, couples rubbing against each other as they leaf through the magazines at the New Yorker bookstore.

And there are the thespians. Their pace is self-assured, they move along the sidewalks of the Eighties at a run-way, grinning broadly at life, welcoming comment, shining under the spotlight of the moon. In their apartments they hang out clean linen and vocalise over the kitchen sink. They bring each other sheet music instead of flowers, go out to eat where the lighting's good. They work at little jobs, and prepare for the big break.

Tonight they are limbering up in the kitchens of For Dessert, spy and tune-ful amid the martini, capping each others' lyrics as they knead the bread. It gets very jolly around the souffles, with young tenors and baritones aspiring like the yeast.

They lean against a broom and declaim, shout *El Gallo* to the empty walls, drop the lyrics of the *Mikado* into their bucket of suds. They trade stories and photographs, pore over a deck of R. Crumb drawings titled *HEROES OF THE BLUES*, study the faces of Big Bill, Blind Lemon Jackson.

They sing to each other late at night. How many tenors have told each other how many times that sex lowers the voice?

There are so many beautiful voices ringing through the streets, so many fine sweet performances rendered in small cafes, over the tempura at Ni-Chi's, in the Thalia lobby, following the coffee at Bloomsday. So many opportunities to express the inexpressible, to create a little beauty, a little art.

The streets are filled with gypsies, as it turns out. They provide a mantra of glowing intention for the city, on stage and off, and to pass them *kvetching* and preening and gasping with delight is to feel an affectionate pride in the race. Maybe, probably, almost certainly, they will never be stars. But racing along Broadway from Lincoln Center to Zabar's, from voice lesson to laundromat, corner to corner, pillar to post, they shine like the Pleiades.

This is what performance is, hanging in there, getting it right. Making it glow.

Subscribe to the NEW YORK NATIVE

CHANNEL 22

"THE ENERGY BALANCING NETWORK"

Take charge of YOUR numbers!

- 1 BODY
- 2 HEART
- 3 MIND
- 4 PERCEPTIONS
- 5 EXPANSION

BALANCE

The understanding & integration of BIO and META "Physical" systems.

Information & Programs

(212) 929-6080

Find your place in the sun in the heart of Manhattan!

Meeting FDA Safety Regulations For A Convenient Tan In Just Minutes

- before vacation to condition
- after vacation to maintain
- safe - cool - private
- individualized care
- as little as \$3.50 a visit

"No one has been burned" by

WINTER SPECIAL - BRING A FRIEND and receive a 15% discount on BOTH plans!



235 E. 51st Street
Bet 2nd & 3rd Ave
980-1024
As seen on Channel 4

(Russo/Bell - Continued from page 14)

was MGM and then Paramount and Warner Brothers...

Vito: You mean something you could use in later life...

Arthur: Yeah. You could start at twelve years old going to a special gay high school and this is what they could do... and when you graduate and you go to gay college, that's where you learn your self-defense...

Vito: Well, once you learn about Gloria Graham and MGM you need self-defense.

Arthur: Oh, Vito! What's the latest on people we love and hate?

Vito: Well, Eddie Rosenberg is the most adorable thing you ever saw in your life at self-defense class. You know, he brings his own costume and it's out of a kung fu movie.

Arthur: He's so into fashion. Vito: Yeah, well you know whose fault that is.

Arthur: I haven't seen a soul. I went to the Reagan benefit, which was a shambles. If you can imagine me and Suzy and Frannie Lebowitz talking together... what a threesome, Frannie says she's retired. She spends all day in

bed and says she does nothing. She was wearing a tux.

Vito: She's incredible. She said she hates seeing-eye dogs. She says let the lonely lead the blind. Isn't she a pisser?

Arthur: If that were the case, the blind would be outnumbered by a hundred to one.

Vito: So are you coming to the Gay Men's Chorus at Bond's on Sunday or are you going to the one at Magique?

Arthur: No, I'm going to L.A. to cover the Oscars during the Magique but I'll go to Bond's. Do you have the tickets?

Vito: They're sending them. I'm taking Arnie Kantrowitz. I also spread the word at the Glory Hole and other relatively chic spots around town... I also dropped off some Narnies.

Arthur: George Sardi called me to say he subscribed. People love it.

Vito: Well, there are some changes I'd make, but I'm loath to say...

Arthur: Oh, don't be loath. Oh! I know what you're going to say! Be loath.

Vito: That was a great old song... Moanin' Loath...

Arthur: Goodbye, darling. Vito: See ya later.

CLASSIFIEDS

BOOKS

BOOKS

Gay/Lesbian literature catalogue, 60 pp annotated. Fiction, Biography, Politics, Classics, Self-help, etc. \$1.50 to:

A Different Light
Box C,
4014 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, Ca. 90029

The Men With The Pink Triangle, by Heinz Heger. The true story of a victim in a Nazi concentration camp, and others like him, persecuted for homosexuality.

Write Alyson Publications: P.O. Box 2763, Dept. A5, Boston, MA 02208. Price \$5.50 ppd.

COUNSELING

CAREER COUNSELING

CAN'T FIND A JOB? Find your best career direction through effective inexpensive techniques. CHAMBERLAIN & ASSOCIATES, 200 Park Ave., 303-E, N.Y.C. 10166, (212) 599-0986.

Acquire a Positive Body Image. Create the image you want others to have of you through Dance-Movement Therapy. Change the holding patterns that are holding you back. Free brochure. AARON COHEN (212) 673-7286.

ALCOHOL CONTROL. Analytically oriented individual supportive psychotherapy—highly trained psychotherapist accepting serious individuals willing to focus on motivations behind unorthodox drinking patterns and other deep-seated problems. Reasonable fees. Call (212) 662-6767 or leave message.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST. 20 years experience. Individual, couples, and groups. William Harshorne Ellis, Ph.D. (212) 674-5399.

NEED HELP PUTTING YOUR LIFE TOGETHER? Qualified psychotherapist, Chelsea area, individual, couple and group practice. (212) 243-5392.

FOR RENT

GAY SERVICE ORGANIZATION has small locked office (partially furnished) for rent, with use of waiting room. Air conditioned, convenient, East 23rd Street, elevator office building, \$185 per month. (212) 989-2185. Leave message.

HAIR CARE

YOUR PRIVATE HAIR STUDIO House calls—licensed since 1968. Hair cuts \$10,perms \$30. Just call Jim at (212) 777-2964.

HEALTH CARE

WEIGHT LOSS—Psychiatrist (M.D.) will help you lose weight through hypnosis. Excellent results. (212) 831-3505.

DERMATOLOGY and VENEREAL DISEASES. Harold S. Ross, M.D., 14 East 62nd Street (712) PL 2-2266. By appointment only. Evening and Saturday hours available.

AMEBAS TESTED/TREATED

Complete testing and treatment at one location. Also-Dermatological Surgery, Hair Transplants, All Skin & Venereal Diseases. Dr. Heldeman, 135 Central Park West (212) 873-0909.

MISCELLANEOUS

PHOTOGRAPHER seeks employment. Willing to work and learn.

1MR8

THE NATIONAL MARCH ON WASHINGTON FOR LESBIAN AND GAY RIGHTS

An LP record album with 30 photographs and text. With: Robin Tyler, Rev. Troy Perry, Allen Ginsberg and a cast of 250,000. Send \$8.00 plus \$1.00 postage and applicable sales tax to: MAGNUS RECORDS 61 Vendola Drive San Rafael, CA 94903

ALL BRANDS OF Pianos, Organs. Lowest prices. "Get an education, not a sales pitch."

Specialized service for the New York-New Jersey Gay Community. Angelo Di Rosa, Keyboard Consultant. (201) 343-8166.

DISTRIBUTOR WANTED. We represent a San Francisco Lesbian artist whose first series of prints show her agony-ecstasy of coming out. We are producing these as posters and need a distributor to get as excited about her talents as we are. Contact: BEAR ENTERPRISES, 33 Ord. Ct., San Francisco, CA 94114 (415) 522-1432.

ORGANIZATIONS

GAY-MALE S/M ACTIVISTS

WE ARE a group of gay males interested and involved in "S/M" who meet twice a month in New York for discussion, learning, support, and the establishment of a positive presence in the gay community. For information, write to GMSMA, c/o Downstairs Mail Service, 132 West 24th Street, New York, NY 10011.

INTERCHAIN for men of leather, levis, S/M, bodybuilding. 800 members. For information write: Box 410, 132 West 24th Street, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10011. Answer now!

GAY INMATES and young prisoners threatened with sexual exploitation in institutions throughout the country, benefit from the work of The Prometheus Foundation. You can help by joining the Pen Pal Group or any of other several other vital programs. For information and a copy of FIRE, the Foundation newsletter write to: The Prometheus Foundation, 495 Ellis St., Box 2352, San Francisco, CA 94102.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING in the NEW YORK NATIVE only costs thirty cents a word, fifteen-word minimum (\$4.50). All classified advertising must be paid in advance. If you have Visa or Master Charge, you can phone your ad at 929-7333. Ask for the Native Classifieds. Or send your ad and a check or money order to The NEW YORK NATIVE, Room 417, 250 West 57th Street New York, NY 10107 You'll be reaching thousands of gay New Yorkers.

INTERESTED IN FORMING a rap/ support group for gay men who have recently split from their lovers? Am having a rough time dealing with loneliness by myself. Write to Mark, Apt. 2-F, 67-50 Thornton Place, Forest Hills, N.J. 11375.

BLACK AND WHITE MEN TOGETHER

International social/support group. Write: BWMT-TH, 279 Collingwood, San Francisco, CA 94114 or call (415) 431-0458 24 hours.

Library School Was Never Like This!!

-HOT MEN, HOT PROJECT-

International Gay History Archive seeks volunteer professionals to catalog major research collection.

International Gay History Archive Box 2, Village Station New York, N.Y. 10014

GAY ARTISTS WANTED

For life drawing group. Each take turns modeling one or two nights a week.

Call 929-7334 and ask for Ken.

PERSONAL

GAY OR BI WOMAN wanted to marry, GWM for mutual benefit. Write Robert, Box 353, Station D, Scarborough, Ontario, M1R 5B8, Canada.

FIVE YEARS TOGETHER

With every additional year my love grows even stronger. Happy fifth anniversary, Mitch.

Love always
Hal

PRODUCTS

"MEMBER—IMMORAL MINORITY" Buttons—2/\$1.00, 10/\$4.00. Bumperstickers—\$1.00 each, 10/\$6.00. Immediate delivery. Larry Fox, Box M-14, Valley Stream, New York 11582. We also custom-print at Movement prices for organizations/businesses.

ADVERTISE HERE

MAKE THIS SPACE WORK FOR YOU

SERVICES

"WORTHLESS" STOCKS? Maybe not! Send photocopies (no originals please) and \$15 per certificate and let us research them for you. B.S. Lichtenstein & Co., Dept. N, 101 Maiden Lane, New York, N.Y. 10038. Specialists since 1939.



Manhattan (212) 226-7541

BODY HAIR REMOVED! Privately, Expertly, Quickly and Discreetly. With depilatory Method. IMMEDIATE RESULTS—ONE SESSION. Appointment/Information, (212) 532-3567.

INCOME TAX PREPARATION for individuals and businesses at your location or at our NYC offices. Quick, year round service. Call: NEW YORK TAX SERVICE, (212) 732-6977 for information and appointment.

QUEENS VALLEY ELECTROLYSIS Certified Electrolysis specialist with private and personal attention. By appointment. Call: 969-0769.

GAY SAUNA—FIRST IN QUEENS Northern Manhattan 337-08 No Blvd. Flushing, N.Y. 4 block from Main Street, Tel. 359-0817 (Above Lavette Radio.) Open daily at noon, seven days a week. Closed 3 A.M.

"WHEN QUALITY COUNTS" BEST PAINTING & WALL COVERING (212) 244-4270

I DO WINDOWS, ETC.... Apartments and offices cleaned to your specifications. Reasonable rates. Free estimates. Call Gary or Peter (212) 620-9071.

PHOTOGRAPHER Available for all your picture taking needs. Clain, (212) 349-6588.

SPECIAL OFFER: PORTRAITS DRAWN in excellent likeness at Manhattan Plaza Studio or at your residence. \$10.00. Portraits also done from photograph. Call Ed Portnoy, 730-0339, A.M. and evenings.

DESIGNING CARPENTER Renovations. Platforms. Partitions. Electrical. Plumbing. R.L. Johnson (212) 522-2377.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD CALLS *APHRODISIAC*—

“An outstanding collection of gay stories”

Here is the very best of the positively gay fiction that has appeared in *Christopher Street*—the magazine that has emerged as the most interesting and influential gay literary publication. Among the eighteen stories included here written by authors throughout the United States and Canada you'll find work by:

EDMUND WHITE
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
ANDREW HOLLERAN
KATE MILLETT
FELICE PICANO
JANE RULE
GEORGE WHITMORE
DANIEL CURZON

As remarkable for its diversity as it is for its literary excellence, *APHRODISIAC* tells the story of the contemporary gay experience as it has never been told before.

“I very much liked and admired *Aphrodisiac*.”—*Merle Miller*

“The general level is commendably high. . . sophisticated readers will find a considerable amount of good writing and observation here.”—*Library Journal*

“The stories are sexually frank but never pornographic. . . a praiseworthy collection.”—*Booklist*

“A good, gutsy collection of largely post-Stonewall insights into gay reality with its myriad pains, pleasures and exultations.”—*Wallace Hamilton*

“A treat . . . and a testimonial to love's transfigurative powers.”—*Los Angeles Times*

Highly enlightening, poignant, and at times, quite moving. . . These stories offer an education for everyone. They treat the topic of homosexuality with warmth and dignity, offering something to grasp onto and meditate upon.”—*Daily Texan*

“An impressive collection.”—*Publishers Weekly*

“A valuable and intelligent anthology of gay short stories.”—*Gay News*

SECOND BIG PRINTING NOW IN STOCK.



NED ROREM says—

“If ever a work dispelled the coy concept of ‘gay sensuality’ this is it. All the stories are on the human condition rather than on the human gay condition. Of the writers who are unknown to me, the best are pure gold. Here are eighteen distinct voices—unrelated, self-contained, excellent and strong. What the authors have in common is talent.”

AT YOUR LOCAL BOOKSTORE OR USE THIS COUPON TO PLACE YOUR ORDER TODAY

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Order Dept.
Coward, McCann & Geoghegan
The Putnam Publishing Group
1050 Wall Street West
Lyndhurst, N.J. 07071

Please send me _____ (copies) of *APHRODISIAC: Fiction from Christopher Street* at \$12.95 each. If not completely satisfied I may return the book within ten days for a full refund, no questions asked.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Enclosed please find my check or money order for \$_____. Please add \$1.50 to each order to cover cost of postage and handling (N.Y. and N.J. residents please add sales tax).

SOHO — 24,000 Square Feet
(Broome Street)
10,000 sq. ft. column free
20 ft ceilings—ideal for theater
disco, health club, etc.
Sale or lease
Andover Realty—Exclusive agents
Lloyd Easton
686-5544



PATRONS, FRIENDS & VOLUNTEERS

For non profit theater company “Residence”
preparing first season in New York
specializing in small musical plays
“A company of outstanding promise”

(212) 957-9017 Toronto Sun

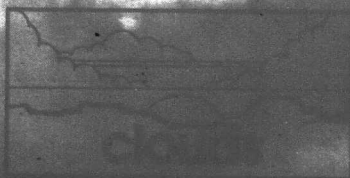
SPECIAL OFFER

PORTRAITS DRAWN
in excellent likeness
at Manhattan Plaza Studio
or at your residence.
\$10.00

Portraits also done from photograph.
Call Ed Portnoy,
736-0339, A.M. and evenings.

If there
have to be clouds
in your life
let them be
clouds jeans

available throughout the metropolitan area



Showroom: 1407 Broadway, Suite 3104, New York 10018